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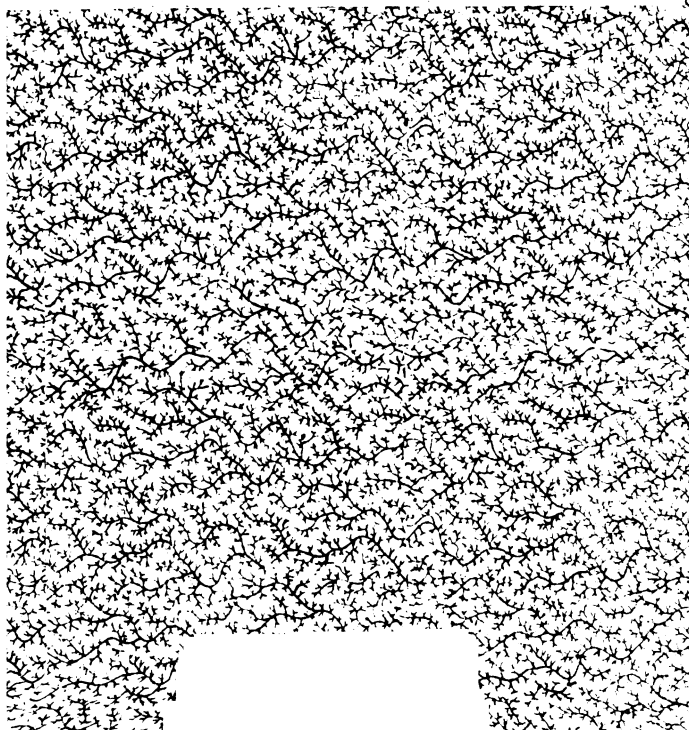
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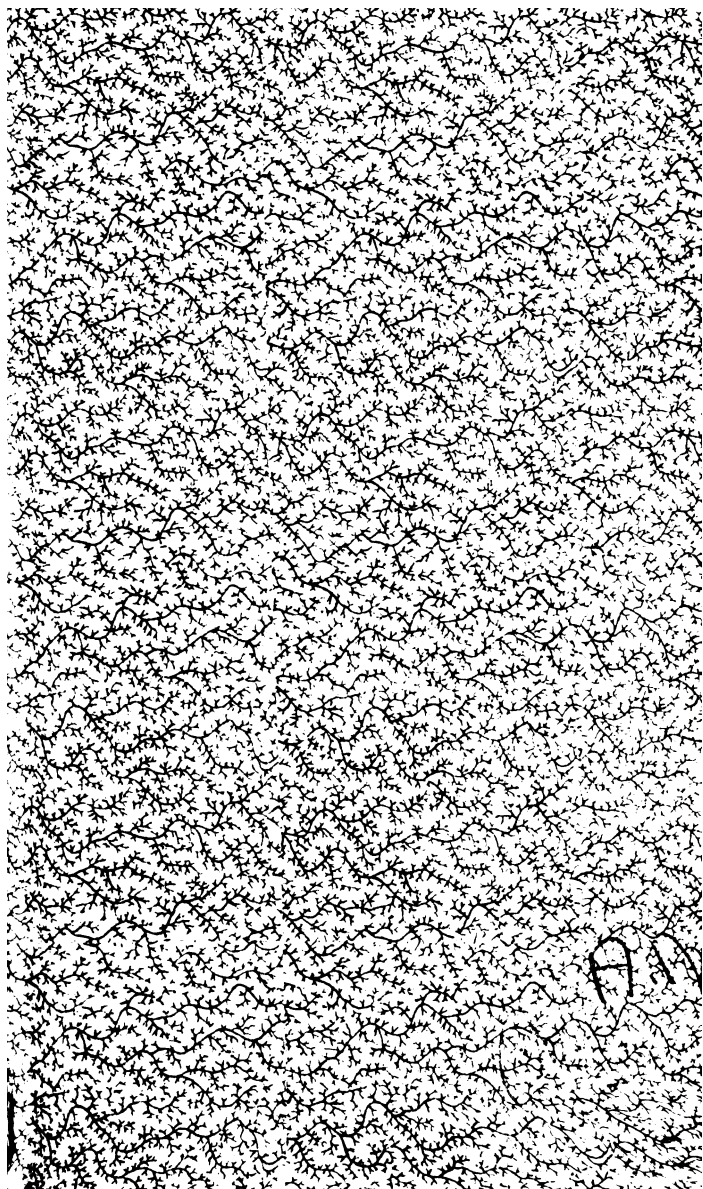
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IMMANUEL

Alfred
1917

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RIVINGTONS

London	<i>Waterloo Place.</i>
Oxford	<i>High Street.</i>
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IMMANUEL

Thoughts for Christmas and other Seasons

ETC.

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*Behold, a Virgin shall conceive, and bear a SON, and shall call His
Name IMMANUEL."—ISAIAH vii. 14.*

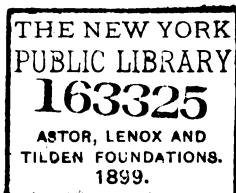
RIVINGTONS

London, Oxford, and Cambridge

1875

R.A.H.

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WHEN THOU PASSEST THROUGH THE WATERS, I WILL BE
WITH THEE; AND THROUGH THE RIVERS, THEY SHALL NOT
OVERFLOW THEE.

DEDICATION.

THIS book is to the glory of God, and to the memory of two beloved brothers. One of these is the author of the poems by J. F. M., which will be found at the end. They were written, nearly all, before he had reached his majority. The impartiality of a relative may be questioned; yet others may think them too few, and may regret that, in after years, he should have forsaken poetry for "the severer muses." The ultra-conservatism of the little poem, "Old England," passed away; not so his interest in antiquities; it bore valuable fruit in "England under the Norman Occupation" (Williams and Norgate, 1858), and in other more ephemeral treatises. He was engaged upon a series of mediæval biographies, two of which—"Girolamo

Miani" and "The Provençal Antiquary Peiresc"—appeared in the *Monthly Packet*, when after three months' illness, just before the Christmas of 1867, he departed to better things. In this sketch there are lines left out which the hearts of some will know how to read. If others think it inconsistent with the saying that literature should be a *πάρεργον*, let them take for answer that our brother could not make that his rule. From his fifteenth year he mourned a deprivation...

And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.

Now to a wiser Wisdom and truer harmonies "the ears of the deaf are unstopped."

Nearly three years later he was followed by his brother—drowned while attempting to cross on horseback the floods of the Burdekin, in Queensland. The horse succeeded in reaching the opposite bank; the rider was submerged; the mortal—he was never found. This wound, with its balm, is in the poem which stands third in "The Victory of Immanuel." The comparison in that monody has been cen-

sured; against that censure pleads the title of the book. If God in very deed became Immanuel—vouchsafed to assume our nature and to live and die in our world—may there not have been incidents in His life parallel with incidents in later lives? While we stand in spirit where, consciously, we can never stand in the body, near that resting-place somewhere in the heart of the Australian river, may we not recall the complaint, “I know not where they have laid Him”? They who call this irreverent are reverent indeed. For as, in a far-off measure, our cause of sorrow resembles Saint Mary Magdalen’s, ours to the full are her cheer and joy.

A. M. M.

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IMMANUEL

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A₁-
THE CHILDHOOD OF IMMANUEL.

UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN, UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN:
AND THE GOVERNMENT SHALL BE UPON HIS SHOULDER: AND
HIS NAME SHALL BE CALLED WONDERFUL, COUNSELLOR,
THE MIGHTY GOD, THE EVERLASTING FATHER, THE PRINCE
OF PEACE.

THE CHILDHOOD OF IMMANUEL.

I.

*Will God in very deed dwell with men on the earth? Behold,
heaven and the heaven of heavens cannot contain Thee.—*

2 CHRONICLES vi. 18.

IMMANUEL! Immanuel! Of earth
The Holy and the Mighty asks a home;
Emptied of all save pity He would come,
The Father's Sole-begotten, to our dearth.
Now should we cry among our fields, Woe worth,
Where are white lilies in His path to wait?
Will He, the Everlasting Orb, go forth,
Orient and Occident in turn His gate?
Now should the bird who sings so sweet at even
Hush her to hearken "songs of night" more sweet;
But, when the Singer has gone back to heaven,
Songful once more, to Him those songs repeat,
While men stand raptured near, and list awhile,
In far-off summer days, in sunset-isle.

II.

*Mary said, Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it unto me
according to Thy word.*—SAINT LUKE i. 38.

IMMANUEL! Immanuel! The word

“Whom shall We send?” has echoed through all
years;

Now in time’s fullness the response appears,

“Behold! I come to do Thy will, O Lord.”

“Whom shall We send?” Like touch-vibrating chord

The angel of the Presence seeks earth’s shade,

And there in Nazareth, of man abhorred,

Our God asks dwelling of a mortal maid.

“Through thee are one the twain whom sin would
sever,

Through thee comes back the gift whence Eva fell;

Ave Maria! full of grace for ever,

Thou art the Mother of Immanuel.”

Mother of God, swift answering, “Let it be,”

For thy meek faith we render, “Hail!” to thee.

III.

*He shall come down like rain upon the mown grass ; as showers
that water the earth.—PSALM lxxii. 6.*

IMMANUEL ! Immanuel ! Long erst
The Love has been the Life of seraphim ;
But now He finds the place too strait for Him,
He comes like rain upon man's mighty thirst.
O happy night when on our darkness burst
The Sun ! O shepherds watching on the lea !
Ye hear the everlasting Gospel first,
Of all the world the only watchers ye.
" Evangel ! O Evangel ! " rings the story,
" Glad tidings of great joy to men I bring ; "
Then in full choir, " To God on high be glory,
To favoured men goodwill," the angels sing.
Cease not, O angels, sing through time to tell
The house of living Bread, Immanuel.

IV.

The shepherds came with haste and found Mary and Joseph, and the Babe lying in a manger. And when they had seen it they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.—SAINT LUKE ii. 16, 17.

SHEPHERDS of sheep, who went forth swift to fall
At Bethlehem, before Love's Mystery,
Shepherds of souls returning, O tell me
Where found ye late the Christ, the Lord of all?
Did ye not pass through doors magnificent?
Does not Tyre's purple cincture His first smiles?
Are not the vassals in that sovran hall
Earth's mighty men and kings of the far isles?
"We saw a young Child in a manger lying,
The ass and ox were near Him as He lay,
The watchers listening and the shadows flying,
We sang the song of angels, in the grey;
No throne of earth, yet nought could speak so well
God with us in the flesh, Immanuel."

V.

Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.—

SAINT LUKE ii. 19.

WHAT dost thou ponder, Mary, full of grace,
Thy visitants departed? Dost thou see,
With the clear eyes of thy white purity,
Thy Baby's arms the mighty world embrace?
An artist's gaze may at an easel trace
In faint first lines the masterpiece's power;
Ev'n so, perchance, dilates thy dwelling-place,
And breaks in perfect bloom thy Passion-flower.
Thus with the soul it is as with the manger,
In work and word the watchers twain are nigh;
Again the foster-father guards from danger,
Again the mother-maid sings lullaby;
True Priest and spotless Bride, that birth they scan,
Immanuel, Eternal God with man.

VI.

While Joseph thought on these things, behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him in a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David, fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife ; for that which is conceived in her is of the Holy Ghost.—SAINT MATTHEW i. 20.

THERE are who in the night lie down to slumber,
And, waking, joy to know their grief a dream ;
There are who wake and work beneath the gleam,
Yet sleep—such phantasies their noonday cumber !
There is Who, coming in the midnight sombre,
Tells men of heav'n beneath the clouds begun,
And bids them sorrows with their dreams to number,
Which fade, and fading, bring to them the sun.
Sleep, sleep, O Joseph ; thou didst dream while waking,
Thou in thy slumber things of day shalt hear ;
The star of morning says the sun is breaking,
The angel speaks the King of angels near.
O foster-father, guard thy household well,
The Ever-maiden, the Immanuel.

VII.

I am the Light of the World: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.— SAINT JOHN viii. 12.

FIRST Sun, arising good and ill to bless,
(The weary sin-sad ages perfected,
The angel-starry midnight after sped,)
First Sun to light the Sun of Righteousness,
Should not thy dawn a lovelier dawn confess,
Cloudless thy sky and summer-sweet thy day?
The heart of all the years shall answer, yes,
For 'neath our cloud thy Fountain asks thy ray.
Ah! since time's dawn thy light has told His kindness;
We closed the eyes He gave and blind would be;
Ah! with desire He so desired our blindness,
Himself took eyes that we again might see;
O wonder passing thought of seraphim!
The sun yields light, the Sun of suns is dim.

VIII.

*Like sacrificial wine
Poured on a victim's head,
Are those few precious drops of Thine,
Now first to offering led.*

CHRISTIAN YEAR.

ANCIENT of Days which know not morn and even !
This day, meseems, they smite the Rock of years ;
He made our flesh, He never made our tears ;
He takes them both to purge our evil leaven.
Ancient of Days ! His days last night were seven ;
This day His life-long passion is begun ;
As if sin-severed He is borne to Heaven,
Though angels know that Thou and He are One.
Ah me ! ah me ! the blood of God is flowing ;
It ebbs, but soon it will be all outpoured ;
God reaps the firstfruits of the sinner's sowing,
And Mary's soul has foretaste of the sword.
O bounteous Father ! O sweet eight-day Child !
Thine be our hearts, though scarred yet reconciled.

IX.

*I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright
and morning star.*—REVELATION xxii. 16.

AMONG the lanes, one eve of August starry,
One speaks his musings to fraternal ears :
“ If there be dwellers in the sister-spheres,
They count our world a pallid luminary.”
The word is spoke, the answer does not tarry—
“ Was path of any star by Jesus trod ?
Lo, here, incarnate in the Child of Mary
Once lived and died the universe’s God.
The heav’n of stars declares His far off splendour,
The heav’n of angels sang His human birth ;
With our own hearts for harps we men may render
The mighty music of His course on earth.
Fair are the stars, but fairest, first, of them,
The mystic star which shone o’er Bethlehem.”

X.

*Where is He that is born King of the Jews ? for we have seen
His star in the east, and are come to worship Him.*—SAINT
MATTHEW ii. 2.

BUT twelve days back a kingly crown we wore,
A crown declaring twofold empery ;
The sun-bathed east for earthly realm had we,
The starry night had taught us all her lore.
But now we cast earth by for evermore,
And now the Wisdom from on high we own ;
Our weary twelve-day pilgrimage past o'er,
We cast our crowns before a manger-throne.
This is the Might the cruel spoiler spoiling,
This is the Christ, the Ever-royal born ;
Sweet star who led'st us in our twelve-day toiling,
Stand still for ever o'er the Star of morn,
Till men shall bring, where'er men's feet have trod,
Not gold and spice and myrrh, but hearts, to God.

XI.

Behold, the Lord rideth upon a swift cloud, and shall come into Egypt: and the idols of Egypt shall be moved at His presence.—

ISAIAH xix. 1.

MOTHER of Jesus, with thy sweet hand guiding
Thy Little One along the Libyan plain,
Dost mark how tottering falls each idol fane,
Eternal God in Egypt's midst abiding?
To human eyes from Herod's anger hiding,
A puny train along the sands ye go;
Yet, conquering and to conquer, God is riding,
With coronal of stars and horse of snow.
Ye also, foster-father, mother-maiden,
Attendants of His march, save you, seem none,
But babes, just gone from Bethlehem to Eden,
The martyrs' noble army, crowned, forerun;
Their cross, as men count years, Love's Cross before,
They bid the weeping mother weep no more.

XII.

When the days of her purification according to the law of Moses were accomplished, they brought Him to Jerusalem to present Him to the Lord.—SAINT LUKE ii. 22.

MESEEMS the Church is as her heavenly Spouse ;
No past and future in her time may be ;
The tender smile of her first infancy
Still, after many ages, lights her brows.
Come, pilgrims, hasten to the holy house,
And bend and praise. Before the earth-set throne
A lowly mother seals her travail-vows,
Nor renders thanks and offers gifts, alone ;
For round her thanks are thankful voices ringing,
The thankful voices of "the first Nowell,"
And aye her soul is "nunc dimittis" singing,
Because her eyes have seen Immanuel ;
The Mother purified, who stain has none,
Offering in earthly shrine th' Eternal Son.

XIII.

They found Him not.—SAINT LUKE ii. 45.

THE loss of Jesus ! O that loss to me
Were loss transcending mortal speech or lay,
Were loss of bread and light and sword and stay
And joy and tears and yearning charity ;
Of all I am, and all I ask to be,
Of selfless thought and clear unconscious gaze,
Sweet solitude and sweet society,
And restful nights and restful-toilful days ;
Of earthly seasons with their changeful beauty,
Nature's fair lesson-book from spring to fall,
Of Church-solemnities, the bride of duty,¹
Festal and fast and love and heav'n and all.
If such in time the loss of Jesus be,
What were such loss through all eternity !

¹ What God hath joined let not man put asunder.

XIV.

They found Him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them and asking them questions.—SAINT LUKE ii. 46.

HAST thou the pleasant path of Wisdom missed?
O! while the time is, seek Her sorrowing;
Men from the ocean pearls of price up bring,
Men rive the earth for gold and amethyst;
They who find Wisdom only bend and list;
Once She was far away beyond all ken;
But Righteousness and Peace in Jesus kissed,
And now the Wisdom sets Her chair with men.
Not to the world She makes Her strange expansion,
Not with thy friends and kinsfolk walks She One;
Mary and Joseph! where is Wisdom's mansion?
"Teaching the wise we found our twelve-year Son;
Go to the Father's house as we of yore,
And dwell with Wisdom—wise for evermore."

XV.

*He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was
subject unto them.*—SAINT LUKE ii. 51.

HIDE me, O Father, till the hour of death,
In lowly, silent, hamlet ministry ;
The rough and hard and homely task for me,
Not angel-flights 'mid flattery's poison-breath.
If Thou didst hide Thy Son in Nazareth
Through silent years, His creature's toilful Boy ;
So only purged the guilt and sealed the faith,
Shall not Thy sinner work his way to joy ?
He deigned forget His own Eternal Being,
Men scarce perceived the love-aroma nigh,
He loved and served and toiled, the end foreseeing,—
Say, were such lot too low for such as I ?
But He is God, and I am dust and stain ;
Live, God, in me the hidden life again.

XVI.

*Whence is this to me that the mother of my Lord should come to
me?—SAINT LUKE i. 43.*

It is the hour, the hour of offering
The Evening Sacrifice. Shall I not tell
To what once called a man the vesper-bell?
Awhile he heard the holy Mother sing,
Her own "Magnificat" still carolling;
Then 'twixt the altar and his eyes she stood,
As if some perfect Raffaele-pencilling
For his soul's joy were Mary's flesh and blood.
Then thought he sadly "Must I leave my Mother,
My Mother, Child of this dear English land, ^
For that Ausonian fold which, more than other,
Boasts love of Mary—at this sign's command?"
"Nay," was his heart's swift answer, "Mary's love
Not less than Rome and Greece may England prove."

XVII.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones ; for I say unto you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven. — SAINT MATTHEW xviii. 10.

“How still the place where God on earth would be !”
Said FIDA ; “CARA ! thou hast called white flowers
Angels ; thou bringest from cold wintry bowers
Their scanty gifts to God’s Epiphany.
‘Relics of Eden !’ ” ah, well called them he,
Israel’s sweet singer, while this earth he trode ;
Ah, white and sweet their lowly ministry
In bow’r and field to man, in shrine to God.
But heav’n is incensed by a heav’nly censer,
And man has mightier needs than bow’rs supply ;
No Presence on the Throne, intense, intenser,
Waxes the stillness. Are there angels nigh,
Come down to say how still the *heav’nly* shrine ?”
CARA made answer, “There are thine and mine.”

“Relics ye are of Eden’s bowers.”—*Christian Year.*

XVIII.

The maid is not dead but sleepeth.—SAINT MATTHEW ix. 24.

ENGIRT by Bethlehem-star and lily-bell,
Its root the Lamb Who died its crown to be,
A little Cross says, "Here, in mystery"³
Doth all which cannot die of CARA dwell."
The carven marble speaks to pilgrims well;
But strangers' eyes weep best for their own woe;
The angels of the rising wait to tell
How lovely was the life, sweet friends! ye know.
Ye have no young voice, "father," "mother," crying,
Through snows and summer, night and pleasant day,
But 'neath your heavy Cross the Lamb is lying,
And o'er its summit gleams the crown's faint ray.
O loss and gain! Christ took from you His own;
Christ is your daily Bread at Christ's true Throne.

³ *i.e.* in symbol.

XIX.

Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven.—
SAINT MATTHEW xviii. 3.

FAIR is the grace to be a little child.
Our God has sanctified all ages ; He,
Not for twelve years but those long thirty-three,
Dwelt in our world, the Ever-undefiled ;
Loving, obedient, gentle, stainless, mild,
Exemplar He alike to sire and boy,
Yet, ere by death the world He reconciled,
He told us childhood was the gate of joy.
They brought young children to His love-fired bosom,
Sin, the divider, bade them go away,
But Love, the Child-God, blessed each baby-blossom,
“ Now suffer ye,” He said, “ My own to stay ;
When heav’n to man shall ope, its portals fair,
Only My little ones shall enter there.”

XX.

I am Alpha and Omega, the first and the last.

REVELATION i. 11.

IMMANUEL ! Immanuel ! My flowers,
My little Children, now is Childhood done ;
My intonation and my cadence one,
Immanuel ! I sing with all my powers ;
Immanuel ! in dark or sunny hours,
Immanuel ! be comfort far or nigh,
Immanuel ! in sweet or songless bowers,
Immanuel ! I carol till I die ;
Immanuel ! God with us in His meekness,
Immanuel ! God with us in His might,
To bind our wounds, to gift with strength our weakness,
To bring us, angels, to the home of light.
Shiloh is come ; His feet our earth have trod ;
Now thanks and glory to the Child our God.

THE MINISTRY OF IMMANUEL.

THE SON OF MAN CAME NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO,
BUT TO MINISTER, AND TO GIVE HIS LIFE A RANSOM FOR
MANY.

THE MINISTRY OF IMMANUEL.

I.

It came to pass in those days that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.—SAINT MARK i. 9.

IMMANUEL ! Immanuel ! O come ;
Holy and True, to men be manifest ;
A time and times and half-a-time¹ make quest
For Sion's sheep upon the wilds that roam.
Though dear the stillness of Thy human home,
And cold the wind which blows along the plain,
Men shall not count of morning hours the sum
Ere Thou shalt rise to bring them back again.
Ah ! when they slake their thirst at living fountains
And feed in emerald meadows, they shall say
How beautiful Thy feet upon the mountains,
How kind the hand that wiped their tears away,
How soft the dews that on their being fell,
How rich the mercies of Immanuel !

¹ Three years and a half.—*Daniel* vii. 25.

II.

Zacharias said unto the angel, Whereby shall I know this? for I am an old man, and my wife well stricken in years.—SAINT LUKE i. 18.

WHY dost thou doubt, O grey-haired Zachary?
Hast thou not heard how Sarah's barren womb
Brought forth a people? how the clustering bloom
Circled the rod as the green almond tree?
O dost thou lift thy eyes but twain to see?
Thy wife, thy father Abraham's wife, alone?
A mother weeps untold sterility;
But now there comes a Son to still that moan.
Mother of ills from her life's morn till even,
For holy sons earth lifts the time-long cry;
But now her children shall be heirs of heaven,
The Son of God to be her Son comes nigh.
Thou shalt be dumb till time this word shall tell;
Aye thy dumb lips shall preach Immanuel.

III.

*Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way
before Me.—MALACHI iii. 1.*

THEIR watch o'er unborn life six moons had kept
When Mary sought my mother. While I lay
In ante-natal darkness, Jesus' day
I saw faint dawning, and for gladness leapt.
Then I beheld the earthly sun ; I slept
And rose in Judah's wild for prayer till even ;
Few there the clouds the beams to intercept ;
So might be none between my soul and heaven.
Then I went forth to men, to cry with power,
"Prepare the way along the heart's waste land ;
Lie low, ye hills ; ye little valleys, tower ;
Now is the kingdom sweet of heav'n at hand ;
By mightier Baptist soon this Jordan trod,
This voice shall cry, 'Behold the Lamb of God !'"

IV.

He must increase, but I must decrease.—SAINT JOHN iii. 30.

DARKNESS abroad and perilous precipices,
And robber hordes which wait the caravan!
How joys the traveller in such straits to scan
But one star glistening ere the path he misses!
Blissful that starlight; yet of ampler blisses,
Of light which lights all paths, its glistenings tell,
And seem to say while dawn the orient kisses,
“Farewell! ye need me now no more; farewell!”
Lo! such a star in Sion’s sky is shining;
How joys awhile each wanderer in its ray,
Glistening through this world’s darkest dark, declining
Contented out of sight when breaks the day!
“Behold the Light! behold Immanuel!
Ye need me now no more; farewell! farewell!”

V.

Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan to John to be baptized of him.—SAINT MATTHEW iii. 13.

HER hands a font of purest water shrining,
A maiden journeys from the pine-crowned north;²
Say, did she follow when the Christ went forth,
All day and night to Him her ear inclining?
Clear on her breast a mystic cross is shining,
As winter berries on the virgin snow;
Now, heav'n and earth in human semblance twining,
What is thy name and what thy work below?
"Dark by my path the river-reeds are waving;
Jordan am I, the first of streams that roll;
The Holy Flesh my world-old stain is laving,
And now all waters sanctify the soul;
Yes, all who pass the surface foul with sin
Arise immaculate, without, within!"

² The river flows from the roots of Anti-Lebanon to the head of the Dead Sea.—*Smith's Dictionary of the Bible*. Article "Jordan."

VI.

John bare witness of Him and cried, saying, This was He of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me.—
SAINT JOHN i. 15.

O LOVE, dost come to be baptized of me?
Thou art the Lamb of God whose victor-fray
Shall take the sins of the whole world away;
O LOVE, not Thou of me, but I of Thee.
Say, can a sinner wash the Purity?
Shall Health ask healing of a tainted rill?
“Nay, thus all righteousness accomplished be;
For thus I come to do My Father’s will.”
Prophet of God! O not in bowers of sadness
Th’ anointing olives of the true Christ spring;
Th’ Eternal Spirit comes, the oil of gladness,
Him Prophet sealing, and High Priest and King;
Th’ Eternal Father wakes the thunder-voice,
“This is My Son in Whom I All rejoice.”

VII.

Jesus being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape like a dove upon Him.

—SAINT LUKE iii. 21, 22.

WHEN scarce the rays of setting sun illumine
The orchard-meadows of mid-Albion,
Why do I linger ere I wander on,
The while a mystic murmur thrills the gloom?
The Holy Ghost deigned creature-form assume;
He left the heav'n of ninefold angelhood;
Yet for His path He chose an earthly plume,
The gentle bird that mourns in summer wood.
Now in my heart He makes His lowly dwelling,
Mourn in my heart for ever, holiest Dove;
The sinner's anguish to the Father telling,
Tell Thou the sinner of his Father's love;
So shall my brief day's fast approaching night
Foreshade the dawn of beatific Light.

VIII.

Jesus was in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan ; and was with the wild beasts.—SAINT MARK i. 13.

O ROSE of Sharon, Lily of the Valley,
Flow'rs of heav'n's garden, rife with love's perfume,
What is this world wherein awhile ye bloom?
Is it a bower where sense with sweets may dally?
Is it a land where birds sing musically
Of sunshine and of dews by brook and dell,
And where, to ebb and ebb, the billows rally
Against the rock-built towers of Israel?
Alas! in vain her weary sons and daughters
Ask love's oasis 'mid the burning sand;
Alas! her Elim wells are Marah waters
And all her garden dry and barren land;
Here is no bread, the fainting soul to stay;
Here savage beasts, ill spirits, prowls for prey.

IX.

Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labour for that which satisfieth not? Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.—ISAIAH lv. 2.

“DOST Thou, of choice, abide not comforted?
O Son of God, if Son of God Thou be,
By mighty work attest Thy ancestry;
Command these stones that they be turned to bread.
Full forty centuries of time have sped,
The lions have not lacked on Judah's wild;
Full forty days and nights no table spread,
Thy Father cares not for His fainting Child.”
There's war on earth as there was war in heaven;
Michael and Lucifer for strife draw nigh;
Satan the wolf who round the fold dares raven,
Jesus our God Who for the sheep would die.
O speak, new Adam; end the opening strife;
“Not bread but God is man's immortal life.”

X.

The kings of the Gentiles exercise lordship over them ; and they that exercise authority upon them are called benefactors.

But ye shall not be so ; but he that is greatest among you, let him be as the younger ; and he that is chief as he that doth serve.
—SAINT LUKE xxii. 25, 26.

WHITHER, O man, from evil wilt thou flee ?
Wilt climb earth's dizzy mountain-peaks, and dream
Of deeds that sparkle like the mountain-stream,
A spirit like the mountain breezes free ?
Ah ! there with immemorial subtilty
The foeman waits to leaguer fierce thy line,
“ If only thou fall down and worship me
Earth's realms and all their glory shall be thine.”
Thou dost not rule the starry universe ;
Thou art not He to Whom all creatures bend ;
One dared to the Great King these wiles rehearse,
Shall not *thy* trial be the drama's end ?
So walk this lower world with staff and rod,
So serve with thy whole heart thy Lord and God.

XI.

Jesus answering said unto Satan, It is said, Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.—SAINT LUKE iv. 12.

SION ! O Sion ! thy fane's pinnacle,
O say what crowns its white ærial spire ?
Why gleams it, circled all with glory-fire,
As if the stars had thither come to dwell ?
Lo ! there, in glory unapproachable,
Is One, Etern, Serene, Erect, Alone ;
Angels attendant, circling, ward Him well
Who has thus made the precipice a throne.
Where is He now, O Sion, O my mother ?
I saw Him late, but He has passed away ;
Ah ! to my side there comes a gentle Brother ;
He looks into my face ; I hear Him say,—
“Child of My throes, where'er I set thee, stand ;
No self-sought danger earns My angel's hand.”

XII.

*When the devil had ended all the temptation, he departed from
Him for a season.—SAINT LUKE iv. 13.*

So victor stands thy "glorious Eremite,"³
So fain is Satan to his place to flee,
O singer of the Fall and Victory,
O seer in darkness of supernal light.
His hour come near, again the Infinite
By lurid wings in battle shall be fanned ;
I ask not Milton's music for that fight,
I ask but strength in my own hour to stand.
Ah ! on my bed in night's dread silence lying,
I hear my angel, "Thou, ere age shalt die ;"
Between the first strife and the last strong crying,
O Lord, in mercy-deeds, as Thou, so I !
So I as Thou accepted child may be
When Satan comes at the last agony.

³ Paradise Regained, book 1, line 8.

XIII.

And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee ; and there went out a fame of Him through all the region round about.

And He taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.—

SAINT LUKE iv. 14, 15.

How sweet from scenes the heart with terror daunting
To pass to northern mountain, lake, and lay !
Thy inland waters, O fair Cumbria,
A viewless sprite their tranquil shore is haunting,
“ O Paradise ! O Paradise ! ” now chanting,⁴
Now waking simple moorland minstrelsy,⁵
Now, hushed the mythic orient's wild descanting,
Singing to Love, love's immortality.⁶
Have ye come back from heaven, O sweet singers,
Come back and taught the wild bird what ye sung ?
No, 'tis the angel of your verse who lingers
Along the waters where your harps were strung,
'Tis nature's lakeland voice to music set,
Breathed by the Love around Gennesaret.

⁴ Faber.

⁵ Wordsworth.

⁶ Southey, *Curse of Kehama*, canto x., stanzas 10 and 11.

XIV.

And He came to Nazareth where He had been brought up ; and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up for to read.—SAINT LUKE iv. 16.

DID He not come from heav'n to earth for His ?
Far less the depth their city-ramparts crown ;
O say what hinders that they cast Him down,
The Man Who claims to end all prophecies ?
He would go down a deeper precipice,
He will go forth anon to die for men,
His own shall seize Him at the token-kiss,
He will not vanish from their midmost then.
For Angel He, the Angel of the Holy,
Before Isaiah spoke or Jordan rolled,
To preach the Gospel to the meek and lowly,
To break the chains, to bid the blind behold,
To bind the broken heart, to preach for near
The day of grace, the Lord's accepted year.

XV.

He ordained twelve that they might be with Him.—

SAINT MARK iii. 14.

HE might have tarried o'er the starry skies,
He might have broke, without the war, our chain,
He might have washed, without the blood, our stain,
And brought us, angel-pure, to Paradise ;
But since the LOVE would be Self-sacrifice,
Will not a thousand be by One o'erthrown ?
No clarion-summons from His camp need rise,
God in our manhood can make war alone.
Hark ! on all winds the sound of many voices ;
Deep answers deep ; "we come," the "follow Me ;"
Vanguard the twelve, a mighty host rejoices,
Arrayed in LOVE's own victor-panoply ;
"From wealth, from trade, from sire, from all,"
they cry,
"To fish for men, to farm the wealth on high."

XVI.

At the junction of Oxfordshire and Warwickshire are the Roll-wright Stones. They are probably Druidical ; a local legend says they are petrified Danish invaders, whence the central stone is called the King-stone.

YE who for labour or for rest have gone
To midland meadows where two counties kiss,
Linger a season where the wonder is,
A king and all his courtiers turned to stone.
There flits my muse and sings her monotone ;
No song of Druid or of Dane has she ;
Immanuel, our God among His own,
Christ and the twelve her only song shall be.
Have we not known our Joshua's gentle guiding
O'er the Red Sea and the waste howling wild ?
The desert past, the river-waves dividing,
What glorious vision waits each ransomed child !
All on twelve stones her walls fair Sion rears,
The Monarch in the midst, the Rock of years.

XVII.

Seeing the multitudes, He went up into a mountain ; and when He was set His disciples came unto Him ;

And He opened His mouth and taught them.—SAINT MATTHEW v. 1, 2.

To keep through life the inner being pure,
To feed the poor, to slay the life of sense
By ceaseless prayer and alms and abstinence,
In heart's intent from human praise secure ;
To ask, to seek, to knock at the one door,
So day by day the yearning soul be fed,
Of Heav'n's unintermitted largess sure
As little children of their father's bread,
Like birds and flowers for no morrow scheming ;
To render peace for cursing, love for pain,
Like God on high Who lists the world's blaspheming,
Yet sends on good and ill His sun and rain ;
To build life's building on one Rock, the Rood ;
Thus on the Mount LOVE speaks beatitude.

XVIII.

And it came to pass, that, as He was praying in a certain place, when He ceased, one of His disciples said unto Him, Lord, teach us to pray, as John also taught his disciples.—SAINT LUKE xi. 1.

FROM John to Jesus ! The delightful way
Trode first at Jordan, first in heart they trode,
Then their ears heard, " Behold the Lamb of God !"
Then their feet followed Jesus day by day.
Then the brave captive at Machærus lay ;
Then the clear Voice could lead to Christ no more ;
Still they pray Jesus, " Teach us, Lord, to pray,
To pray as John his children taught of yore."
From John to Jesus ! Dost thou say men go not,
Praying " Our Father," that blest path of old ?
" Father, forgive them ; what they do they know not,"
This, this, they hearken who the Lamb behold ;
" Father in heav'n, forgive the mightier ill
As we the less." From John to Jesus still !

XIX.

Jesus went up into a mountain to pray. And as He prayed the fashion of His countenance was altered, and His raiment was white and glistering.—SAINT LUKE ix. 28, 29.

As holy Isaac waiting his young bride
In the sweet meadows at the set of sun,
Far off in spirit saw the Holy One,
The Lamb which God would on the Mount provide,
So thou in this world's awful eventide,
When twilight shadows deepen hour by hour,
Look with thy spirit on the Crucified,
So shall thy brethren know His conquering power.
Wilt thou not hearken what the LOVE is saying,
The lonely mountain-top His altar-floor?
He prays the Father; at that mighty praying
The Glory 'neath the Veil can hide no more.
Not less, in these last times, He asks of thee,
Through prayer and life, a new Theophany.

XX.

There are also many other things which Jesus did, the which if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. —SAINT JOHN xxi. 25.

WHAT harp's high music rings accord with Christ?
He spake as never man beneath the sun;
He did the deeds which never man had done;
Men own the wonder who the end resist;
The eagle, soaring o'er each earth-born mist,
Knew never shrine for all He wrought and said;
Now should the SPIRIT speak while angels list
And earth keeps silence and hell quakes with dread.
Mine is no eyry built for heav'nward springing,
Mine is a nest amid the wayside corn,
There let me wait and watch all night ere singing
Nigh the True Sun in the eternal morn;
There let my spirit speak th' unspeakable,
The song which all may learn, which none may tell.

XXI.

The blind receive their sight, and the lame walk, the lepers are cleansed, and the deaf hear, the dead are raised up.—SAINT MATTHEW xi. 5.

O HOLY Voice ! at Thy resistless crying,
The dead man rises from his four-day tomb ;
The winds and waves are hushed, and to the gloom,
From souls too long enslaved, ill sprites are flying ;
O Holy Touch ! through Thy blest purifying
Outcast no more the leper walks the sod,
Not less to men for the sweet sunshine sighing,
Thou giv'st to look upon Incarnate God ;
Not less, the five loaves of the young lad taking,
Thou feed'st five thousand on the barren shore,
The heav'nward glance and Eucharistic breaking
Foreshadowing Bread which feeds for evermore ;
The lame are leaping now, the dumb now sing,
The deaf unto the LOVE are listening.

XXII.

This beginning of miracles did Jesus in Cana of Galilee, and manifested forth His glory.—SAINT JOHN ii. 11.

YE dewy clouds, above the vineyards sailing,
At noon, when it is summer all below,
Ye glancing brooks which by the vineyards flow,
Your heart of hearts into the sun exhaling,
Cry men around, the wine of earth is failing?
Cry men, earth's bridals crown no Cana-sign?
Lo! a still Voice o'er cloud and wave prevailing
Fast from her ewers flows the new-born wine.
Not for lips only, not for time's carousals;
From sign to Sign souls go, from flood to Flood;
The heav'nly Bridegroom seals the new espousals,
Th' Eternal Victim cries "Behold My Blood!"
And yields its witness each new Thursday even,
First tear-brimmed chalice, then the Wine of Heaven.

XXIII.

When Jesus heard the centurion, He marvelled, and said to them that followed, Verily I say unto you, I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel.—SAINT MATTHEW viii. 10.

Jesus answered and said unto the woman of Canaan, O woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt.—SAINT MATTHEW xv. 28.

O SAY, blest strangers, are ye calmly sleeping
Among the cedars in the Pleasant Land?
Beside your resting-place in heart I stand,
Of your rich harvest for my fallows reaping;
I hear your voices thankful concord keeping,
“Came I and told him all my mother-woe,
It seemed awhile He would not heed my weeping,
But mightier mercy He my soul would show.”
“The soldier I, I sent my friends to pray him;
My roof, myself, for Him I deemed unmeet;
Cried I, the winds, the stars, the thrones, obey Him,
Sure, at His word, my servant’s plague will fleet.”
Then full, “not strangers now but children we,
His mansion cherished in our hearts makes He.”

XXIV.

*Ye hypocrites, well did Esaias prophesy of you, saying,
This people draweth nigh unto me with their mouth and
honoureth me with their lips ; but their heart is far from me.*
—SAINT MATTHEW xv. 7, 8.

“O DOST Thou ask who touched Thy garment? O!
Hast Thou not turned Thee back? hast Thou not
viewed

How round Thee throng and press the multitude?
Then not from lips, from sight let answer flow.”

“Answer they, throng they, nought of these I know!
Look ! trembling, falling, one to Me draws near,
To tell of garment touched and ended woe,
Of things she has not sought nor heard to hear ;
Things present, things to come, her deeds revealing,
The fount of sin whose flowing none may stay,
Till breaks on Calvary the Fount of Healing
All wounds to stanch, all tears to wipe away.
This Manhood, Godhead’s Garment, faith’s right hand
Shall touch ; round This unhealed the throng shall
stand.”

XXV.

Jesus saith unto the impotent man, Rise, take up thy bed and walk.—SAINT JOHN v. 8.

WHENE’ER in contemplation rapt I view
Bethesda’s pool, that far off scene and time,
My soul flies back to my own day and clime,
And sees the holy font, Bethesda true.
There comes from heav’n an Angel to imbue
The wave with Jesus; there the impotent,
The blind, the halt, the withered, live anew,
Though men behold but one poor innocent.
On earth are waters, which, though many crave
 them,
But few can enter, nor thus healed are they;
But all shall own the kindly dews that lave them,
When first in holy hope they kneel and pray,
When, early grace reviving, they hear said
Of the scorned Cross, Arise and bear thy bed.

XXVI.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, The hour is coming, and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the Son of God, and they that hear shall live.—SAINT JOHN v. 25.

WILT Thou not say to my young daughter "Rise,"
Though those pale cheeks my father-sorrow flout?

Wilt Thou not touch yon bier? they carry out
My only son, the light of these sad eyes.

Wilt Thou not go to where our brother lies?
Art Thou not He who quickening visited
The sisters? Many suns have lit our skies;
None bids from that dark cave come forth our dead.

They are gone by, the days ye count for olden,
The days when rose to die again those three;
The Sun is risen and a starlight golden
(Says that first rising) shall hereafter be;
Not, like time's stars, to light a sunless sky;
That Sun shall set not, those stars shall not die.

XXVII.

Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—SAINT MATTHEW xi. 28.

HARK, in the hamlet church-tower chime the bells
Their first-day chime ! O'er cottage, homestead, hall,
At daybreak rings that descant musical,
And with the early breeze now sinks, now swells.
More sweet at dawn those strains than Philomel's
When hushed the woodland shades, and dark the west.
They are not chimes ; they are Immanuel's
"Come unto Me, ye weary, and have rest.
Now breaks My day with all its glad evangels ;
Rise ye with Me before the east is red,
Lay down the toil of men for toil of angels,
The bread of earth for heav'n-descended Bread ;
Thus earth in you th' invisible shall ken,
And cry 'Lo, angels ! where we saw but men !'"

XXVIII.

Doing thy pleasure on My holy day.—ISAIAH lviii. 13.

“FRIEND,” cried Mundanus, “hast thou read aright
The message of that music? As they list
Let men go forth to prayer and Eucharist
At early dawn or at meridian bright.

But time speeds on ; no more the bells invite ;
Shall not the summer chime to youth her chime ?
Let verse for angels fly with angels’ flight ;
We who are men need mercies in the rhyme.
He who once chode among the corn the chiding,
Who oped blind eyes on that austerer day,
Who bade the withered hand own will’s sure guiding
Will He think other thoughts o’er youth at play ?
Will He be glad when dark streets crave in vain
The starry wonders of the glass-built fane ?”

XXIX.

*More to be desired than gold, yea, than much fine gold ; sweeter
also than honey and the honeycomb.—PSALM xix. 10.*

SERVUS made answer—"They who leave the King's
Fair palace, and go forth to fields or street,
Should not His savour in their hearts be sweet,
Emptying of pleasantness all earthly things?
Where then the world's half-hearted questionings?
The voice which asks the better way, where then?
From opening dawn till Philomela sings
Christ in man's spirit will do good to men ;
Christ in His friends will seek the earthward bending,
Will loose from sin's long long infirmity,
O'er them the hands which knew the nails' extending,
Till to the perfect man they rise, and see
How far more blest than joys which pass away,
Joys which shall merge in heav'n's long Sabbath-day !"

XXX.

I will open My mouth in a parable.—PSALM lxxviii. 2.

THE toil-worn peasant in the early year
Casting the seed on good and evil soil ;
The diver hastening homeward with sea-spoil,
The sea's lament for pearls within his ear ;
The fisher toiling nightly on the mere ;
The budding fig forespeaking summer's glow ;
The harvest moon which o'er the sheaves hangs clear ;
The autumn winds which where they list do blow ;
Ye gentle friends who list the rhymers rhyming,
Pure be your hearts to read the Preacher's scroll ;
In earth's wild bells there chimes an under-chiming,
The things of nature witness nature's soul.
Long years, like Adam, cold and mute they lay,
But now, LOVE teaching, breathes and speaks the clay.

XXXI.

I that speak unto thee, am He.—SAINT JOHN iv. 26.

As from one seed the generations reap,
As one brief day enfolds a lesser life,
As one true sigh with pardon-years is rife,
So, in Thy sayings, Lord, Thyself dost sleep.
Thou art the Shepherd of the hundred sheep,
Joying to bear the wanderer to heav'n's sward;
Thou in Thy Bride wilt toil and spend and weep,
Till on the lost coin gleam Thy mark restored;
The Parent Thou a great way off discerning
Thy son, the sinner late 'gainst heav'n and Thee;
The dead alive again, the lost returning,
Thou sayest to Thy friends "Rejoice with Me;"
Thou giv'st the robbed and wounded stranger-man
Thy oil and wine, Thou good Samaritan.

XXXII.

The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.—

JEREMIAH xvii. 9.

ONE with whom wisdom sure will die late said,
Ye preach as though in other clime and other
Age were your lot; as though your listening brother
But from one clime and age had herited.
The time-subduing rails far fields o'erspread,
The wondrous wires link Ind with Albion;
Why do ye linger thus with Israel's dead
While earth from life to ampler life speeds on?"
There was no answer save of prayer and labour;
'Times change,' it said, "yet still the Pharisee
Stands thanking God he is not as his neighbour,
Who cries far off 'Be merciful to me';
Times change, not hearts; or pride its rule makes man,
Or clings to Christ the lowly Publican."

XXXIII.

Jesus said unto His disciples, Verily I say unto you, that a rich man shall hardly enter into the kingdom of heaven.—SAINT MATTHEW xix. 23.

LORD, I would hear Thy calling ; I, Thy poor
In all save this world's wealth, would come to Thee,
Of all that wealth I would disburden me,
And with the Cross for burden seek Thy door ;
Thou, most kind Lord, with flow'rs my path strew'st o'er
With flow'rs, the prime of this life's fleeting May ;
Give me instead bleak wind and barren moor,
Where I may see more clear the narrow way.
Aye in my heart I hear the young man questing,
The way to endless life my heart would know ;
Aye through the silence sounds the Master's testing,
"Sell all, and follow wheresoe'er I go,"
And Thou hast died and risen since that day
That I might not in sorrow go away.

XXXIV.

They that buy as though they possessed not ;

And they that use this world as not abusing it.—I COR. vii.

30, 31.

THUS sadly day by day mused Plousios ;
Thus Doulos answered, "One says to his soul,
'Soul, take thy ease ; no wish of earth control,'
Nor fears his soul to lose, the ever-loss ;
One filled with bread and clothed with purple's gloss
Forgets 'ye took not Me the stranger in ;'
One humbly 'midst his riches seeks his Cross,
Nor dreams the while a throne more bright to win ;
More near His throne who, wealth indeed foregoing
For things which men count basest, died that we,
The mighty love which was in Him forthshowing,
Might pass from this world's wealth to Calvary,
How blest the poor in spirit there might tell,
The wealth of Jesus how unsearchable !"

XXXV.

*O thou afflicted, tossed with tempest, and not comforted, behold,
 I will lay thy stones with fair colours, and lay thy foundations
 in sapphires.*—ISAIAH liv. 11.

THE sun o'erhead ; as many reflexes
 low as there are dewdrops on the sward ;
 many colours in each reflex stored
 there are gazing points' varieties ;
 ere gold, here amethystine brightnesses,
 ere glistenings red as in the west at even,
 ere starlight green as are the April trees,
 ere, in blue miniature, Ausonia's heaven.
 What say'st, my soul, the sun the dewdrops steeping ?
 it but April morn's kaleidoscope ?
 is the Mother for her children weeping,
 each tear translucent with her heavenly Hope,
 thus, true Sun of such immortal dews,
 rendering to varying gazer varying hues.

XXXVI.

Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?

For ye are bought with a price; therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.—I COR. vi. 19, 20.

YE souls anointed by the heav'nly chrism,
Ye clouds where God is rainbow night and day,
Ye temples where the Spirit came to lay
Foundation with fair colours, love's true prism,
If aught 'twixt you and the One Sun make schism,
Aught which with this world's day shall fade from ken,
Look on those dews and own love's mysticism
Varying with times its lesson sweet to men.
One sleeps and rises, his free scattering speeded,
Unknown the green life springs in the heart's sod;
One bears a candle and toils on unheeded,
The light lights all within the House of God!
Birds lodge in branches sprung from lowliest grain;
A man sells all, one field, one pearl to gain!

XXXVII.

the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones.—REVELATION xxi. 19.

When no more the tares and wheat are blended,
When differing fish are sundered on the shore,
When chaff, on the eternal threshing-floor,
Winnowed from the grain, time's summer ended,
Could ye, O Saints, your tears as now descended,
In those tears the hues of heav'n gleamed on?
Here shall be colours without dews; a splendid
Rainbow shall glisten when all clouds are gone.

Ye have looked on the fair heav'nly colours,
The glorious vision to each Patmos nigh;
Here on twelve precious stones the Lamb's dear
Dolours,

Heir last reflection form 'neath heav'n's clear eye
Here ye too shall have portion; God has said
He without you shall not be perfected.

XXXVIII.

*Zacchæus ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore tree to see
Jesus.*—SAINT LUKE xix. 4.

THE tide is Lent, the morn is the blest morn
When six-day toilers stay from toil their hands ;
Now forth the servant of the Master stands
To preach the Christ to souls in Christ new-born.
Why stands one near him, aged, poor, toil-worn,
While others seat them the glad news to hear ?
Ah, sooth, the scourge, the reed, the wreathen thorn,
But thus can pass into his soul's keen ear.
O he has climbed the sacred stair to hearken
As once to gaze Zacchæus climbed the tree—
Here where ill throngs, o'ertowering, deepen, darken,
Till stunted souls the Saviour cannot see,
Here where such wild earth-voices ring in ears
They cannot listen to the Garden-tears.

XXXIX.

Then went the Pharisees and took counsel how they might entangle Him in His talk.—SAINT MATTHEW xxii. 15.

The same day came unto Him the Sadducees, which say there is no resurrection.—SAINT MATTHEW xxii. 23.

Dost ask whose image doth this coin endow?
It is the fair-haired Girl who left her bower
To wed the man she loved—for orange-flower
The crown of all the Englands on her brow;
It is the lonely stricken one whom Thou,
Lord, ere the rising bad'st as angels be;
The chosen of her girlhood parted now,
Bridegroom divine, she gives her heart to Thee;
So reaps THE KING His goodly tribute-payment,
So breaks THE WORD vain Sadducean snares;
One comes from Bozrah clad in ruddy raiment,
What mark shall mark His own He swift declares,
“Why are ye troubled?” ring those accents sweet,
“It is Myself; behold My hands and feet.”

XL.

Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.—SAINT MATTHEW xxv. 40.

GIVE Me to drink ; above the clouds I dwell
Sending their rain, yet by thy water-brink
Aweary and athirst I ask for drink,
Now, as in days of flesh, Immanuel.
Give Me to drink ; without earth's citadel
Thirsting I hang upon the bitter tree ;
Give Me to drink of thy scant water-well,
So shall I slake My mighty thirst for thee.
Dost thou not hear My poor about thy portal,
My poor ask drink which cannot stay thirst's pain ?
I am the Well of Life, the Fount Immortal,
Which whoso drinks shall never thirst again ;
And I have said, Who hath for Mine outpoured
One draught of earth, shall lose not his reward.

XLI.

*every hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away
from her.*—SAINT LUKE x. 42.

WHITE amidst green, with dews of morning wet,
Not seen by many who the place go by,
Meet but to him who bends him down anigh,
I on a vernal bank a flower is set.
And does thy soul a world renounced regret?
And seems it long thy vigil in the shrine?
O, sister, to the little violet;
In Christ's fair family its place is thine.
Thy heart as white, thy will from rule not swerving,
List thou, like Mary, at His feet, the Lord;
Though love shine fair in holy Martha's serving,
Not alway, in earth's rule, is "served" "adored";
O rest, O sister, rest beneath the Throne,
Inhaling sweetness, drinking dews, unknown.

XLII.

*Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while
He is near.*—ISAIAH lv. 6.

CHRIST is the man who, to a far land going,
Within his house leaves some to rule, and some
To serve; leaves all to watch until he come,
Whether at morn or midnight or cockcrowing,
Nor man nor angel that dread hour foreknowing;
Yet, in Christ's lips, abiding, parting, blend;
And from the daybreak till the sunset's glowing
He Who departs is with us to the end.
O ere He cleaves through heav'n's last clouds His
pathway,
And saints look up like summer flowers to sun,
And mourn earth's tribes beneath His dreadful
wrathway,
Seek we Him present Who from earth is gone;
Him in dear closet, Him in dearer shrine,
Him chief in dearest place of Bread and Wine.

XLIII.

Men ought always to pray and not to faint.—SAINT LUKE
xviii. 1.

"AVENGE! Avenge!" The widow pours her plaining
Till wakes Injustice to set right her wrong;
The friend asks bread with ceaseless midnight song,
Th' unwilling to his will at last constraining.
Lord, when thou com'st will there be faith remaining?
Thou sayest not; thou sayest that all hours
Thus God's elect shall cry to God thus deigning
To loveless doles to liken His free showers.
Ascend, sweet pleadings! O were earth as heaven,
From glebe, from furrow, from fair spousal home,
Through the dear voices which cry morn and even
To the great supper the bid guests would come,
Where the true wedding-garment waits them still,
Where all things now are ready save man's will.

XLIV.

Fall on us, and hide us from the face of Him that sitteth on the throne, and from the wrath of the Lamb.—REVELATION vi. 16.

HAST thought whence flowed the world-primeval's
bane?

Hast thought whence fell the deluge-death all hours?
Forth from some fountain baleful as the powers
Unseen which mildew-blast the harvest-grain?
Ah no; its mother was the gentle rain,
Whose earlier comings told of hope and joy,
Who spread life's table in the fallow plain,
And quenched in summer-fields the drought's alloy.
Who will the servant chide for trust earth-hidden?
Who to late virgins close th' eternal door?
Who will the throne fill when the lost are bidden
From light and hope depart for evermore?
He Who our world in quickening pity trode,
The yearning, toiling, dying, Lamb of God.

XLV.

*When they continued asking Him, He lifted up Himself, and
went unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first
cast a stone at her.*—SAINT JOHN viii. 7.

Can any look upon the noon-day sun
With eye undazzled? Quickly from that ray,
So the dusk things it lights men turn away,
So the brief heav'nward race they 'neath it run.
Can it be that any fain would shun
The Love Incarnate? Sinners ask sin's doom;
The Saviour answers them, and one by one
They vanish from His presence to the gloom.
They have no eyes to brook the hidden brightness,
No inner eyes, heav'n-visioned Purity;
How shall they stand at the great throne of white-
ness,
The cloudless Sun undazzled eye to see?
Lighten our darkness Thou the Light Who art,
So shall we learn how blest the pure in heart.

XLVI.

Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.—SA.

MATTHEW v. 8.

THE pure in heart ! the pearls of heav'n ! to str
them

In rhythmic wreath, who skills it? As flits by
From flow'r to flow'r a gorgeous butterfly,
The thoughts of Milton through the garden wing the
The pure in heart ! the flow'rs of heav'n ! to sing th
Come down, O minstrel, from aerial thrones ;
Thy thoughts, thy hopes, let old-year knells o'er-r
them ;

Thou sing all day the song the Master owns,
The garden-song, the love the sin consuming,
The virgin flowers inly bathed and fanned,
The sweet white lilies of the valley blooming
Beneath the Shadow, in the weary land ;
The Sun of love, the Sun of joy then sing,
All His white flowers underblossoming.

XLVII.

Unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath.—SAINT MATTHEW xxv. 29.

WHEN faithful men put off this tabernacle,
The house which soon again shall shrine the soul,
In the dear land of palm and aureole
Will there not fall from them their sin's last shackle?
They stand, while flames in Babel leap and crackle,
They moor, while ships of Tyre go down mid-flood;
Though worn the spars and tempest-strained the
tackle,
The pennon at their mainmast is the Rood.
They might have brooked the everlasting burnings,
Where sin, restrained once, springs restraintlessly,
How sweet to know fulfilled their mortal yearnings!
How sweet their own ideal aye to be!
How sweet the gift to love, to praise, to dwell
With saints, with angels, with Immanuel!

XLVIII.

Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.—

SAINT LUKE ii. 19.

Which things the angels desire to look into.—I SAINT PETER
i. 12.

IMMANUEL ! Immanuel ! White Rose,
The heav'nly Sharon's fairest, fragrantest,
Ah, white and ruddy now must be Thy breast,
For now the death-wind o'er Thy garden blows.
Bloodless, but never strifeless, they now close,
The days when God by bounds would bounded be ;
His blood shall break those bounds ; but who are
those,
Who wondering, yearning, watch His ministry ?
One in the heav'n and one on earth make starry
The heav'n, the sky where stars do shine in day ;
One is white Angelhood and one is Mary,
Dearer to God than all, Deipara ;
These ponder in their hearts the signs which tell,
God serving in our world, Immanuel.

THE WARFARE OF IMMANUEL

I LOOKED, AND THERE WAS NONE TO HELP, AND
WONDERED THAT THERE WAS NONE TO UPHOLD; THERE-
FORE MINE OWN ARM BROUGHT SALVATION UNTO ME, AND
MY FURY IT UPHELD ME.

THE WARFARE OF IMMANUEL.

I.

The multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the son of David; blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.—
SAINT MATTHEW xxi. 9.

YE little ones of Jesus! meekly bending,
The tones which speak us all unworthy¹ done,
Sing out ere breaks the awful orison,²
Your voices with the first hosannas blending;³
He comes, but not from Olivet descending,
Sion He seeks, but not the sin-doomed town,
Creatures of earth⁴ declare His pathway's tending,
Though not on ass's colt He comes now down.
He seeks not spear which starts, nor hand which
 stanches,
The blood, amid the mountain's varied throng;
High thoughts cast down He asks for his palm-
 branches,
And for His way-strewn raiment selfless song.
Veni! O come! O come, Immanuel!
No more for us to die; in us to dwell.

¹ We do not presume.—*Communion Office.*

² Consecration Prayer.—*Ibid.*

³ This takes place in many churches where the celebration is choral.

⁴ These Thy creatures of bread and wine.—*Communion Office.*

II.

*In the day time He was teaching in the temple; and at
He went out and abode in the mount that is called the Mount
Olives.—SAINT LUKE xxi. 37.*

*He went out of the city into Bethany; and He lodged there.
SAINT MATTHEW xxi. 17.*

PIERCED ere My hour by shafts of death and sin;
Ill words, revealing ambushed enemy;
Crowned ere My hour with souls who come to Me,
I work all day the city-walls within.
But when the sun sets and the stars begin
To light His path Who taught their orbs to gleam,
I pass the gates, I leave the strife and din,
And to My friends beneath the hill I go;
One whom I wakened from his four-day sleep;
One whom I raised from sev'nfold death, and
Who household vigils round the Master keep;
Leaves not her sister now to list alone.
Sweet human love! I taste thy joys at even,
At dawn I go away to make them heaven.

III.

In the morning as He returned into the city, He hungered.

And when He saw a fig-tree in the way, He came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away.

And when the disciples saw it, they marvelled, saying, How soon is the fig-tree withered away!—SAINT MATTHEW xxi. 18, 19, 20.

In the eternal garden men are trees ;
Out of the Church, that kindly soil, their stem ;
The wind that stirs, the dew that waters them,
The Spirit, waking heav'nward energies ;
Awhile they cling to living trellises,
Parent or guide or glorious-gifted friend ;
Awhile on some lone moor the traveller sees
The heav'n-supported branches heav'nward tend.
But when fair hero-records stir their being,
Yet wake no shame at homely tasks not done,
Will not the Lord, the leafy promise seeing,
Look for fair fruit, and looking, still find none ?
Will not, at time of fruits, the word be said,
"How is the barren fig-tree withered !"

IV.

Her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much.—

SAINT LUKE vii. 47.

*She hath done what she could : she is come aforehand to anoint
My body to the burying.—*SAINT MARK xiv. 8.

To bring thy guilt before the eyes of men,
To seek the Master while He sits at meat,
To wash with tears, to wipe with hair, His feet,
To gift His head with precious ointment ; then
To follow Him o'er town and hill and glen,
To give Him of thy wealth by field and mere,
Much-weeping and much-loving Magdalen,
Is all thou askest, all thou knowest, here.
Now come again the costly nardus bearing,
And swift anoint Him ere He go away ;
The raiment of the grave He is not wearing,
But thou shalt deck Him for His burial-day ;
And thou shalt hear Him say that deed shall be
Where'er the Gospel sound, a memory.

V.

*All the people cried,
 "Arthur is come again : he cannot die."
 Then those that stood upon the hills behind
 Repeated—"Come again, and thrice as fair;"
 And further inland voices echoed—"Come
 With all good things, and war shall be no more."
 At this a hundred bells began to peal,
 That with the sound I woke, and heard indeed
 The clear church bells ring in the Christmas morn.*

TENNYSON.

MEET Idyll-singer, who thy hero, tell.
 e was not born ; he sprang from ocean-spray ;
 e did not die ; he, wounded, passed away
 ilion's island valley to indwell.
 ho shall declare Thy birth, Immanuel ?
 ho Thy sweet death which life to all would be ?
 y gentle spirit was not left in hell,
 ou mak'st Thy bitter wounds our victory ;
 ad Thou, to help us on our heav'nward journey,
 yself, yet not Thyself, again com'st nigh—
 he holy knighthood first in field and tourney,
 obbers that cease and foes that seaward fly,
 he knight who wrongs his king—O Idyllist,
 ; this but Arthur ? Is not This the Christ ?

VI.

*Ye call me Master and Lord : and ye say well ; for so I am.
If I then, your Lord and Master, have washed your feet ; ye
also ought to wash one another's feet.*—SAINT JOHN xiii. 13, 14.

BESIDE the northern lake poor fishers we ;
All night in sadness we had toiled in vain ;
At morn One said, " Let down the net again,"
And myriad fish were in the barren sea.
In mighty fear I cried " Depart from me,"
And now " Depart from me " I cry once more ;
My sin shrinks back from Christ's humility,
As it fell prostrate at His pow'r of yore.
Lord, dost Thou wash Thy sinful servant's feet ?
Dost say th' unwashed in Thee has portion none ?
Then, Lord, in this my flesh Thy work complete,
On hands and head Thy perfect will be done.
But all are clean which touch not earth. Lo ! I
Their feet will wash whom Thou shalt purify.

VII

There are some of you that believe not. For Jesus knew from the beginning who they were that believed not, and who should betray Him.—SAINT JOHN vi. 64.

This cup is the new testament in My blood, which is shed for you. But, behold, the hand of him that betrayeth Me is with Me on the table.—SAINT LUKE xxii. 20, 21.

O STRONG desire⁵ for that last Paschal Eve!

O mournful plaint of the wronged Saviour-friend!

As with wild tendrils garden-flow'rs may blend

So love and woe Christ's accents interweave.

"Ye will not come to Me that ye may live"—

"The Bread which is My Flesh shall death destroy"—

Thus ever it is His to joy and grieve

At those abounding founts of grief and joy.

Thus, ere He gives mankind the Bread of Heaven,

And types and shadows pass in Christ away,

Of His true servants sees He but eleven—

"One of My twelve shall soon his Lord betray!"

He promised Bread upon the breadless plain;

For one He promised, and now wills, in vain.

⁵ Saint Luke xxii. 15.

VIII.

There was leaning on Jesus' bosom one of His disciples, whom Jesus loved.—SAINT JOHN xiii. 23.

He then lying on Jesus' breast saith unto Him, Lord, who is it?—SAINT JOHN xiii. 25.

WHO on the breast of Jesus Christ do lie?
They who for Christ in act or will forsake
Father and calling by the pleasant lake,
In ampler seas a nobler toil to ply;
They who aye list the onward-calling cry;
Who, if a little while they fear and flee,
Come back repenting and the Cross stand by
And share the pain and wait the victory;
They who take home to their heart's heart the Mother,
Her on whose bosom Love Incarnate lay;
They who say, "Little children, love each other,"
By life and voice until their latest day;
These see the City-portals, pearls unpriced,
These lie upon the breast of Jesus Christ.

IX.

Judas then having received the sop went immediately out : and it was night.—SAINT JOHN xiii. 30.

Is it a darkness, that heav'n-instinct hour,
Last of a day of summer's sunny balm,
When night steals o'er the meadows like the calm,
In grey old age of stainless youth the dower ;
When night's own censer, the fair daphne-flower,
O'er flow'rs that sleep a sleepless incense flings ;
When men cry "Hush !" within the garden-bower,
"Hush ! in the wood the nightingale a-sings" ?
Is it a darkness when the night-stars glisten
And eyes are blind around the morning bed ?
Not less the heart may speak, the Love will listen,
Ev'n o'er death's dark the Light of Life will shed.
God give thee eyes 'midst gloom the Sun to mark !
God guard thy day from sinners' sunless dark !

X.

The Lord Jesus the same night in which He was betrayed took bread :

And when He had given thanks, He brake it, and said, Take, eat : this is My body, which is broken for you : this do in remembrance of Me.

After the same manner also He took the cup, when He had supped, saying, This cup is the new testament in My blood : this do ye, as oft as ye drink it, in remembrance of Me.—
I COR. xi. 23, 24, 25.

THOU Who sent'st bread from out the heav'n of azure,
And mad'st the desert-rock a limpid spring,
Fain I once more Thy dying-gift would sing,
Faint echoing to its fall Thy music's measure ;
Of harvest-field and vineyard seems That Treasure,
But white-winged Silences⁶ around It throng ;
Enough for man to kneel and drink Its pleasure,
Only the Lamb can sing the Lamb's high song.
What dost Thou do, Love, ere Thy sleep and waking,
Among Thy friends, the ancient Paschal o'er ?
Of love our nature for Thy nature taking,
Of love our ransom, can'st Thou love yet more ?
Yes ! Thou bring'st unclean lips Isaiah's Coal,⁷
God, for man's life, of earth's poor fruits, the Soul !

⁶ With Angels and Archangels.—*Communion Office.*

⁷ Isaiah vi. 6.

XI.

To the chief Musician upon Aijeleth Shahar (a Hart of the morning). A Psalm of David.—PSALM xxii. Title.

HAST seen in mountain-land or read in lay,
(Thy heart and he abreast o'er moor and crag,)
How the hunt's glorious prize, the royal stag,
For the dear life will fleet, like time, away?
They rouse him from the ferns at break of day,
Long hours the sedge and heather know his bound,
Beneath the setting sun he stands at bay,
And large despairing tear-drops drench the ground.
This is Thy life, O holy Hart of morning!
In its first dawn Thou fleddest Herod's steel;
Hunted long hours with hate and wile and scorning,
Within the garden Thou at night dost kneel;
There 'neath the olive boughs Thou wait'st the Rood,
Not weeping natural tears but sweating blood.

XII.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow, which is done unto me, wherewith the Lord hath afflicted me in the day of His fierce anger.—LAM. i. 12.

NOR that the ills of time are manifold,
Not that some dear desire is strangely crossed,
Not o'er some darling sped, we sorrow most,
But that our brother to our cry is cold.
"Christ fasted forty days," we stern are told;
"Christ prayed all night, no son of Adam nigh;"
Ah! when the dark wave o'er His being rolled
He had not raised His heart to such calm sky.
Three times He prayed the Everlasting Father,
Three times He turned for men's poor help to plead,
"Withdraw this cup, but do Thy will the rather"—
"What! could ye serve not one short hour My need?"
Oft as we sadly turn from slumbering friends,
The strengthening Angel, Jesus Christ, descends.

XIII.

Oh that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears, that I might weep day and night for the slain of the daughter of my people!—JEREMIAH ix. 1.

O FOR the prophet's sorrow-surcharged song !
O that my head were waters, and my eyes
A fount of tears, to prosper my emprise !
That I too all day long and all night long
Might weep for Adam's immemorial wrong,
Might weep for all which nails Christ to the tree,
Might weep the many woes which o'er Him throng
As if of all ill stars a galaxy !
O I have stood beneath a lengthening shadow,
And watched the runners first their strength control ;
As grew the race their feet scarce pressed the meadow ;
Last, as for life or death, they strained to goal.
So, Lamb of God, Thy life on earth be viewed !
Thy grief first runs, then rushes, to the Rood.

XIV.

*Can there any good thing come out of Nazareth?—SAI
JOHN i. 46.*

*As soon as He had said unto them, I am Jesus of Nazan
they went backward, and fell to the ground.—SAINT JO
xviii. 6.*

ONE sang—still singing heav'nly-sweet in death—
His lyre attuned to the first Christmas Day,
“What sound first woke the angels' Gloria?
‘Lo, in a manger swathed Christ slumbereth!’”
Wilt hear what Christ at His life's ending saith?
Wilt mark the word at which armed men fall lo
“Lo, Jesus I, of lowly Nazareth!
If ye seek Me, let these My firstlings go.”
Ah me! what profit, the Good Shepherd smitter
In a scorned name a moment's victory?
Lo! on the Cross, in threefold symbols written,
A Name o'er ev'ry name that Name shall be;
Satan shall fall back thence in ruin untold;
Christ's sheep shall go their way to Christ's new fi

XV.

The Lord turned, and looked upon Peter. And Peter remembered the word of the Lord, how he had said unto him, Before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice.

And Peter went out, and wept bitterly.—SAINT LUKE xxii. 61, 62.

Who doth without the high-priest's palace weep?
I, Peter; I who, when the Lord foretold
The sheep's dispersion from the Shepherd's fold,
Answered, "All fleeing, I my place will keep;"
Who thought to follow Him from steep to steep,
Ev'n when He warned me of this shameful hour,
With Him to toil and rest, to wake and sleep,
Were prison or were death His earthly dower;
Who late upraised the sword against the foeman,
While Love outstretched a healing hand for sword;
Who bound to own His Name to Jew and Roman,
Ere twice the cock crew thrice denied my Lord;
He turned and looked on me; and I, each day,
Will weep, weep, weep, my span of life away.

XVI.

The high priest asked Him, and said unto Him, art Thou the Christ, the Son of the Blessed?

And Jesus said, I am: and ye shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of power, and coming in the clouds of heaven.—SAINT MARK xiv. 61, 62.

ART thou, O brother, art thou slave of sloth?
O come and listen on our isle's south shore;
A sadder voice the winter sea comes o'er
Than knew the mournful seer of Anathoth.⁸
It is the Bridegroom sorrowing broken troth;
It is the Prince of peace with standard furled;
O shall we say the bounteous heav'n is wroth,
Or cry, repenting, "Sin is in the world?"
"The Christ am I, the Son from heav'n descended;
Thou sit'st to judge Me now, but thou shalt stand
Before My judgment-seat when time is ended,
And quick and dead are rendered to My hand."
Thus spoke the Love ere death—O wake and fear;
Wars and war-rumours say the end is near.

⁸ Written during the Franco-German war.

XVII.

They crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put Him to an open shame.—HEB. vi. 6.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.—I TIM. i. 15.

I fill up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in my flesh for His body's sake, which is the church.—COL. i. 24.

COME nigh and smite my face and rend my hair;
Contemner of my baseness, spit on me;
Against my soul in hate's consistory⁹
Scourges and thorns and bitter cross prepare.
I have crowned self with crowns which none may wear
But He who gave me being; I with pride
Have robed me as with scarlet; be my share
All which they mocked the King with ere He died.
Sweet Lord, by me the crown of thorns was woven,
By me the Cross set up 'twixt earth and sky;
My life was nigh to hell as grass to oven;
But Thou for me upon the Cross didst die;
And I for Thee would do and bear 'midst men
All which for all Thou didst and barest then.

⁹ Saint John xi. 47—53.

XVIII.

When He was accused of the chief priests and elders, answered nothing.—SAINT MATTHEW xxvii. 12.

Herod questioned with Him in many words ; but He answered him nothing.—SAINT LUKE xxiii. 9.

Pilate saith unto Jesus, Whence art thou ? But Jesus gave him no answer.—SAINT JOHN xix 9.

“SILENT and calm, by king and judge confessed
Guiltless of ev’ry crime men charge on Thee,
Know’st not that death and freedom are of me
Why thus to many words nought answerest ?”
Why to Christ only makes the judge behest ?
Do sheep at shearing ought of warfare wage ?
Why sits the pelican with crimson breast
O’er her young brood in many an old-world pag
The lamb goes meekly from the fold to slaughter
The nest beside the river knows no cry ;
The Son of God is mute while Sion’s daughter
Without the judgment-hall shouts “Crucify.”
Can He be Son of God who bides such ban ?
But now His hour is come. Behold the Man !

XIX.

Behold the Man!—SAINT JOHN xix. 5.

Which things the angels desire to look into.—I PET. i. 12.

BEHOLD the Man! from the sweet heav'n behold
Him,

Angels of God! upon the Cross He hangs;
Joy came from heav'n to earth in Christ, but pangs
Are in the happy place now deaths enfold Him.
Ah, since the traitor to the chief priests sold Him
Ye have been camping on the starry verge,
But might beyond your might shall all uphold Him,
Though they who sang His birth should chant His
dirge.

"Think ye I war as sin, My foe, is warring?
Then at My prayer their flaming swords had waved
Twelve angel-legions, My one purpose marring;
For how then had a ruined world been saved?
Sheathe then the sword, My friends, beneath, above;
I war, I conquer, but by suffering love."

XX.

A sword shall pierce through thy own soul also.—SAINT LUKE ii. 35.

There stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother.—SAINT JOHN xix. 25.

LILY of the valleys, Flow'r the whole world scenting,
Crushed by the storm beneath the death-tree's shade,
What art shall limn thee, gracious Mother-maid?
What "songs of night" are sad as thy lamenting?
Thou canst not wring from those sharp nails relenting,
Thou hast not pow'r that thorn-crowned head to ease,
Thou feel'st the soul-sword of thy Son's presenting,
Thou canst not soothe its pain by ministries.
But hark! to thee and to the holy brother
Whom Jesus loves, who lay on Jesus' breast,
"Behold thy son!" He cries, "Behold thy mother!"
Eternal God in suffering manifest.
Mother of God! in this world's lonely wild
Be thou the Mother of each pilgrim child.

XXI.

He said unto Jesus, Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.

And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.—SAINT LUKE xxiii. 42, 43.

Lo ! with the wicked I do make My grave ;
Lo ! I foreact the awful judgment-day ;
I hear a voice upon My left hand say,
“ If Thou be Christ, Thyself and us now save.”
My first-fruits ! O my first-fruits ! thou dost crave,
Thou at my right, a worthier gift of Me ;
I in My blood thy robber-stains fair lave,
I in My kingdom will remember thee.
The blood of Abel in the field outflowing,
He crossed the river set two worlds between ;
There after-souls have gone, there thou art going,
But That which thou shalt see there none have seen,
The Breaker first gone up, th’ Eternal King
To Paradise a saved soul welcoming.¹⁰

¹⁰ Micah ii. 13.

XXII.

Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?—HEBREWS i. 14.

TIME is in sickness like a wounded bird ;
The spirit flies to home and rest afar ;
But wings which beat against a viewless bar
By men who wander free beneath are heard.
Ye faithful dead, ill speaks your time this word ;
Your day of pain was long, but angels seven
Sent from the Cross around you ministered,
And turned the weary hours to opening heaven.
Angels the words by Love Incarnate spoken
From the sharp bed where He so long had lain ;
The patient three-hour hush by angels broken,
They could not break the mighty three-hour pain.
Lo ! when at last His lips were closed, His side
Opened to send one angel more, the Bride.

XXIII.

*Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the
nd unto the ninth hour.*

And the earth did quake, and the rocks rent. — SAINT
[ATTHEW xxvii. 45, 51.

’Tis said by men amid the sunset roaming,
That when red orb first touches wave or hill
There comes on all a shudder dank and chill
By field and town and ocean shoreward foaming.
It passes when the light is merged in gloaming;
O, it is orphan Nature’s sunset sigh;
For earth, air, sea, and all which heav’n is doming,
Their heart knows anguish that the sun should die.
All day men roam, the love of God forgetting,
But evening voices to the soul cry “Hark!
The Sun of Righteousness in blood is setting;
What wonder if the mortal sun be dark?
What wonder if the heart of rocks lament
The Rock which bears the universe sin-rent?”

XXIV.

In the place where He was crucified there was a garden; and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein was never man yet laid.

There laid they Jesus therefore.—SAINT JOHN xix. 41, 42.

WAS it to crave of the sharp cross its Burden,
Earth at Christ's dying bared her heart of pain?
By deathful germs long ages vexed amain
Has she now skill the Lord of Life to warden?
Let men their hearts against the Christ still harden,
Earth in her heart the Christ shall wall and dome;
O never yet such Seed was sown in garden!
O never yet had Holy God such home!
What mean with Christ the myrrh and aloes storèd?
He needs not sweetness Who makes all things sweet;
And wherefore do men weep where sins are buried?
Sins shall not rise again sad eyes to greet;
But all is dimness save to go away
And keep with tears and prayers that Sabbath day.

XXV.

*Thou wilt not leave my soul in hell ; neither wilt Thou suffer
Thine Holy One to see corruption.*—PSALM xvi. 10.

IMMANUEL ! Immanuel ! Hours rolling,
 The time and times and half-a-time die well ;
 Though flesh and soul a season sundered dwell,
 And is with us, all creature-force controlling ;
 And is with us, hope's prisoners *here* consoling,
 Triumphant *there*—on either half-way shore ;
 And is with us, corruption's death-knell tolling,
 Here late to rest the Victim slain they bore ;
 And is our God ; He faints not, nor is weary ;
 He sleeps so light He hears earth's feeblest sigh ;
 Unborn hearts He lists each *Miserere* ;
 And doth He list the faltering lips which try
 To sing His war with sin and death and hell,
 And battling in our van, Immanuel ?



THE VICTORY OF IMMANUEL.

HAVING SPOILED PRINCIPALITIES AND POWERS,
A SHOW OF THEM OPENLY, TRIUMPHING OVER T

THE VICTORY OF IMMANUEL.

I.

Rising up a great while before day.—SAINT MARK i. 35.

No man taketh My life from Me, but I lay it down of Myself.

I have power to lay it down, and I have power to take it again.—

SAINT JOHN x. 18.

YE gentle Stars, amid the darkness burning
A great while ere the break of mortal day,
Who saw the Christ rise up from sleep and pray,
No other eyes the mystic act discerning,
Were ye not thus the things to come sure learning?
Not Joseph laid Him in His rocky bed,
Not stone nor seal nor soldiers barred returning,
While from their vigil twice the daylight fled.
He willed to die upon the Cross of sorrow,
He willed to lie down in the garden-tomb,
He willed to rise to life on the third morrow
A great while ere the daylight broke o'er gloom.
The soldiers nigh, He burst His prison bars;
But none beheld Him save the midnight Stars.

II.

They continually say unto me, Where is thy God?—PSALM xlii. 3.

“SERVANT of God, the ancient banner o’er thee
Raised on the mount, how vain thy glorying!
Thou say’st that with thee works and wars the King,
So thou but drink the cup He drank before thee;
Where are the souls which should in faith outsoar
thee?

Where is the Christ so long within them born?
Where are the hopes which at thy call upbore thee?
Ha! thy Good Friday has no Easter morn!”
Thus speaks the world, of treasures bought so dearly;
What say’st, O shepherd, save for Christ, alone?
“I will not answer; I will rise up early;
With love for ointment I will seek the stone;
All in the gloom Three sought the garden-prison;
The stone was rolled away, the Lord was risen.”

III.

*They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have
laid Him.*—SAINT JOHN XX. 13.

NOT ours to stand within a darkened room
And see fair end the war our brother warred ;
Not ours to lay him in the old churchyard,
Close by the green lane where the violets bloom ;
Not ours to seek with varying flowers his tomb ;
There are who know it, but all-silent these ;
The southern skies o'erarched his early doom,
The southern river chimed his obsequies.
Not ours the things which pass away for ever,
Ours the sure hope which shall survive the years ;
Say, weep'st thou, Mary, that some hand should
sever
The mortal Jesus from His handmaid's tears ?
Lo ! in the place of death are angel-bands !
Lo ! at thy side the risen Saviour stands !

IV.

*I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for Thou, Lord
only makest me dwell in safety.*—PSALM iv. 8.

O GRAVE, what wert thou and what art thou? Say
“I was erewhile a loathly charnel-home,
A place where happy sunshine might not come,
A haunt of worms and things which hate the day
I was the gate of worlds with wrath for ray;
But Jesus died and rose to end earth’s woe;
A cornfield I beneath the pleasant May,
A house where gentle angels come and go.
Not May-time wont ’twixt gleam and cloud to
vary,
But May-time rife with harvest-hastening sun;
Not angels never stained who met sad Mary,
But angels sin-redeemed, their rest sure won.
To image these O seek not summer bowers,
Rather twine amaranths with dead sweet flowers!”

V.

*I found Him Whom my soul loveth ; I held Him, and would
not let Him go.*—CANTICLES iii. 4.

RABBONI ! O Rabboni ! I was dreaming
Thou, O my God, wert God with us no more ;
In vain the empty tomb said night was o'er ;
I had no morning till the Sun was beaming.
Dear Lord, Thy blood upon the mountain streaming,
I clasped the Cross, I saw Thy Mother swoon ;
I sought Thy resting-place, no orient gleaming—
Ah ! then my night of anguish had its noon ;
"Where is my Lord ?" I asked of man and angel ;
"O where is He who fed the flock so well ?"
Those could but search ; ere these could speak
Evangel,
He spoke Who gardens all, Immanuel.
Rabboni ! Love ! I may not touch Thee yet,
But I will go and tell of Olivet.

VI.

God in times past suffered all nations to walk in their own ways. Nevertheless He left not Himself without witness, in that He did good.—ACTS xiv. 16, 17.

WHERE is Thy place and where Thy inner shrine,
Unwearying Patience? Though Thou mute dost
lay

Thy finger on Thy lips, I hear Thee say
How I may learn of Thee, how take of Thine.
Once in a garden Thou didst plant a vine,
Twin-stemmed, full-clustered, pleasant to Thy soul;
Thou taught'st the mist to rise, the beams to shine,
Thou bad'st the fourfold river past it roll;
But rose an alien wind, with chill breath breathing
O'er earth's fair Paradise of flowers and rills,
The trees of God with baleful wreaths enwreathing,
With wild grapes purpling all the summer hills.
Too long to men one day of cleansing tears;
But Patience waited twice two thousand years.

VII.

Out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.—JUDGES xiv. 14.

SEEST thou the wild bees round the nightshade
flower? ¹

Seest how the gold and purple death o'erflows
With sweetness, as it were the summer-rose
Her honey-heart were opening for their dower?
Dear are those voices at the waking hour,
Dear to the garden at the fall of day,
Dear to the Church when in the wayside bower
To Easter chords they sing their roundelay.
There was a tree amid the trees of Eden,
Earth has no nightshade with such lethal bloom;
Now songs and sweetness all her wildwood gladden;
What is their fountain but Immanuel's tomb?
So will the Life through death itself prevail;
So to Eve's daughters comes the first "all hail!"

¹ Suggested by an incident recorded in Miss Yonge's "Musings over the Christian Year, and Lyra Innocentium."

VIII.

He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things?—

ROMANS viii. 32.

COME, rustic superstition, teach thou me.
I name thee ill; thou rather art a voice
Bidding the mortal in his God rejoice,
Not follow far-off gleams which lure and flee.
Thy treasure-telling rainbow spans the lea,
The shepherd stirs not from the fleecy fold;
There are who leave an ampler industry,
And peril nobler life, for flying gold.
Yet in our land is Eldorado glowing
With glory reflex of the arc on high,
The autumn reaping crowns the spring-tide sowing,
And Jesus Christ is Sun of all the sky.
“Doubt not,” He whispers, “I, the faithful Friend
Who died, Who rose, am with you to the end.”

IX.

As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially unto them who are of the household of faith.—GAL. vi. 10.

I KNEW a man in Christ, who, in the flush
Of youthful fervour tending his first fold,
While contrite memory the past unrolled,
Felt from his eyes the sudden tear-rain rush.
Ah ! then his heart was as the burning bush,
Afire with God upon the desert drear ;
Ah ! he was musing in the twilight hush
Till He on Whom he mused unknown drew near.
But who would bear to Israel God's message
Must turn from earth the fire divine to see,
And who would bar the risen Saviour's passage
Must cry with heart and life, " Abide with me."
Come back, Occasion blest ! Come, lost of yore !
Come, God with us ! Immanuel, come once more !

X.

The same day at evening, being the first day of the week, when the doors were shut where the disciples were assembled for fear of the Jews, came Jesus and stood in the midst, and saith unto them, Peace be unto you.—SAINT JOHN xx. 19.

WHERE wert thou, Servant, in the three-hour throes
O I had thought to van my Master's host ;
Of the mere gazers I stood outermost
When pierced His hands and feet His cruel foes.
But I will kneel down by my bed and close
My heart against the things my Lord which slew
He Who to life, the stone yet prisoning, rose,
Save of sin's shutting, will all doors pass through
I hear His voice in my heart's midst ; I hear it
In my heart's midst above all voices there :
"Receive My Peace, the Everlasting Spirit ;
Look on My wounds and learn thy Cross to bear
My work revived amid the dying years,
Toil contrite toilings, weep victorious tears."

XI.

He breathed on them, and saith unto them, Receive ye the Holy Ghost :

Whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them ; and whose soever sins ye retain, they are retained. —SAINT JOHN
xx. 22, 23.

God is gone up to the right hand of power ;
God is gone up ; the men to whom He said
"Receive the Holy Ghost," from earth are sped,
And I, the sinner, wait in tears my hour.
Wilt Thou no more the strong man armed disdower ?
Wilt thou no more break chains invisible ?
I have lost joy in sun and star and flower,
My God from all His thrones my sins expel.
Who will give back the day its gladdening brightness
The flow'r, the star, the sun, their smile of old ?
"I, Who thy scarlet sins will wash to whiteness,
So through My servant thou those sins unfold.
The first absolvers sleep ; their sons I send ;
I, in My priests, am with you to the end."

XII.

They go from strength to strength.—PSALM lxxxiv. 7.

BLEST from the mountain, ever blest are ye,
The inly poor, the meek, the merciful,
Mourners for sin till sins are white as wool,
Hearts which indwells Eternal Purity,
Spirits which thirst, which hunger mightily
For Christ, their Lord, their God, their Righteous-
ness,
Voices of Peace which bid estrangement flee,
Joyers indeed when sword and cross oppress;
Among the hills from peak to peak men clamber
And gaze from each with ampler visioned ken;
This is the mountain and the upper chamber;
From blessing thus to blessing Love leads men.
"Thomas! thine eyes the risen Christ receive;
Blest shall they be who see not, yet believe."

XIII.

He was seen of Cephas, then of the twelve.—I COR. xv. 5.

FIRST of His friends who saw Him ris'n was I ;
e met me wildered near the empty grave ;
ought may I tell of that appearing, save
e is beloved who did his Lord deny.
rose before the sun at Mary's cry,
With him He loved I stood where lay His head,
could that hour but linen clothes descry,
et there my sin "I know Him not" lies dead ;
nd thence my love "Thou know'st I love" is
 risen ;
Men hear it first along Tiberias' sea ;
Let it sound on from street and shrine and prison
Fill breaks o'er all the threefold harmony ;
Let it sound on when from the western steep
Shall pass to others' charge Christ's lambs and sheep.

XIV.

I will not leave you comfortless: I will come to you.—

SAINT JOHN xiv. 18.

WHY that sad night to our remembrance bring?
Why weep'st, O Sion, O Immanuel's Bride?
Art thou not seated by the Conqueror's side?
Art thou not robed for Love's own banqueting?
That night to trembling concords woke the string
That night beheld the lines of death deploy,
But smiles should greet the tomb's strange travail
The harp of Easter should be tuned to joy.
"Shall I not follow where my Lord is going,
And cry the Cross at hand His friends He che
Comfort He promised nearer anguish knowing
Shall I forget amid my joy His tears?
Ask'st what is love? Christ's last discow
conned ;^a
The Cross He saw not for the Gift beyond

^a Several of the Eucharistic Gospels for the Easter
are from the Last Discourse.

XV.

Behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.

For He that is mighty hath done to me great things.—SAINT

LUKE i. 48, 49.

To Magdalen aweeping at the tomb ;
To Peter haply watching for the sun ;
To Cleopas and Lucas, two yet one,
Sad converse holding in the vesper gloom ;
To the loved friends within the upper room ;
To the five hundred on the northern hill ;
To blessed Paul, the last-born from the womb—
Crowns not these names a name more glorious
still ?
Love veils the closest where He loves the dearest ;
Love to the loved says " See thou no man tell ;"
Love rose and comes to all, but chiefest, nearest,
To her in whom He is Immanuel,
Whom, purest pure, of all the world He chose
To bear her God with stainless mother-throes.

XVI.

*Many bodies of the saints which slept arose,
And came out of the graves after His resurrection, and went
into the holy city, and appeared unto many.*—SAINT MATTHEW
xxviii. 52, 53.

A LAND of streams and falls and oakwood hoary !
How sweet in such a land awhile to dwell,
And sing in simple verse what all should tell
By holy lives, Immanuel's gentle story !
How sweet to question Christ's first auditory,
The Virgin Mother, the blest twelve, and say
"Ye were in Sion when the starry glory
Ye have made brighter shone by hearth and way."
How sweet to listen, "Yes, the true Sun breaking,
We saw the stars around Him rise and wane,
Like men who wake before the hour of waking,
Look to the east and lay them down again.
Askest if they those three dim days told o'er?
May'st learn when they with thee shall rise once
more."

XVII.

As in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.—

I COR. xv. 22.

BROOK-BELTED fields and pleasant lanes around,
And far away to south the moorland hills,
Far down whose sides descending flow the rills
To join the stream which to our hamlet bound
So many summers through its rocks has wound !
So were like this, man's inner pilgrimage !
Here is his lot within a pleasant ground ;
Of outer joy what lacks this heritage ?
O'er sweet and pleasant things the sunsets redden,
O'er sweet and pleasant things the lark sings high ;
O were the Christ the Adam of this Eden
How sweet the word of cheery passer-by !
How rustic sounds would lift from self the ken !
How pure as birdnotes shouts of toiling men !

XVIII.

The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus, of all that Jesus began both to do and teach,

Until the day in which He was taken up, after that He through the Holy Ghost had given commandments unto the apostles whom He had chosen :

To whom also He showed Himself alive after His passion by many infallible proofs, being seen of them forty days, and speaking of the things pertaining to the kingdom of God.
—ACTS i. 1, 2, 3.

WHO is the angel of the forty days
To faith revealing things from sight removed?
Is it not Luke, physician Heav'n-beloved,
The Everlasting Gospel's word his praise?
He in our firmament has lit new rays ;
O by his later star³ illumined we
The Christ behold, now walking unknown ways,
Now holding with His friends high colloquy.
Not in the body now His murderers meeting,
Still doing good He goes about the world,
An everlasting throne to build for fleeting,
Sion supern for Sion tear-impearled.
For brother's love He asks, not delver's spade ;
He the foundation on the mountain laid.

³ The book of the Acts of the Apostles.

XIX.

*This same Jesus, which is taken up from you into heaven,
shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into
heaven.—ACTS i. 11.*

ABBATH on Sabbath till the weeks are seven !
in after sun till nears the fiftieth day
nce Jesus went along the palm-strewn way
hen we were twelve who now are but eleven !
oe worth ! what throne to Israel's King was given ?
oe worth ! what cries His later march pursued ?
ow He goes up from Olivet to Heaven
ho then came down from Olivet to Rood.
is earliest station Israel's Shrine,⁴ example
e, that from Altar aye to Cross men come ;
im they may follow to the Heavenly Temple
here sun nor moon nor pow'rs of heav'n have home ;
ith Him, like clouds of heav'n, when time is sped,
hey shall come back to judge both quick and dead.

⁴ On Palm-Sunday our Lord went from the mountain to the temple; thence, by degrees, to the Cross.

XX.

These all continued with one accord in prayer and supplication with the women, and Mary the mother of Jesus, and with brethren.—ACTS i. 14.

OUR great High Priest has passed within the starry
Within the starry veil with His own blood;
There till the judgment He will plead the Rood
To die on which He sought for sanctuary
The house He made so pure, the womb of Mary
Passing He blessed us, and will bless again,
As men who go shake hands with men who tarry
Ere for a while they leave the lowland plain.
The throne of Judas once more bright in heaven
With Mary, with the rest, we wait to tell
The tongues of fire, the mighty life-gifts seven,
The Holy One in hearts, Immanuel,
The Love of God abroad on sinners shed,
The Child Who served, Who warred, Who
 triumphed.

XXI.

I am Alpha and Omega, the Beginning and the End, the First and the Last.—REVELATION xxii. 13.

Looking unto Jesus the Author and Finisher of our faith.
—HEBREWS xii. 2.

IMMANUEL! Immanuel! now dying,
Dying my music, die not now my Lord!
Immanuel indwell each faltering chord
Till all who hear are to the strain replying,
Immanuel! Immanuel! rapt crying
Through prayer, toil's life, through toil the twelve-
hour prayer,
Immanuel! Immanuel! faint sighing
When through death's shadowy valley home they fare!
Immanuel! Immanuel! Christ's people
Thought passing thought within you rise and be;
An earthly muse may wake a river's ripple,
Around you chimes the Everlasting Sea,
Around are things which angels fain would know—
The Death, the Life, of God with us below.



OTHER POEMS.

NO WONDER SAINTS HAVE DIED OF LOVE,
NO WONDER HEARTS CAN BREAK,
PURE HEARTS THAT ONCE HAVE LEARNED TO LOVE
GOD FOR HIS OWN DEAR SAKE.

Faber.

THE CEASING OF THE MANNA.

The manna ceased on the morrow after they had eaten the old corn of the land ; neither had the children of Israel manna any more, but they did eat the fruit of the land of Canaan that year.—JOSHUA v. 12.

My Child ! away the cords are cast,
The Red Sea waters long are past,
And now thy feet the desert tread,
And thou art faint for drink and bread ;
O come ; the stricken Rock am I,
The love-bruised Manna from the sky ;
My flesh and blood I gave and give ;
O come and eat and drink and live.

Lord ! I have left for swamp and brier
The sweet fold and the sun-bathed spire,
And while I toil on weary knee
I think the angels turn from me.

Let ho'ly saints who heav'nward climb
Come at Thy call to Heav'n'-midst-time,
But I must still this drought endure,
And count e'en bread of earth too pure.

My Child ! bethink thee what befell
The youth of God's first Israel,
How Mercy in the morning hours
Gave bread to man as dew to flowers ;
In the great desert bare and dry
They reaped their harvests from the sky ;
But Rain which cheered the sterile shore
'Midst Canaan's corn-fields fell no more.

Child of My love ! the type is sped ;
In the world's wilderness is Bread ;
For thy true nurture slain behold
The dearest Lamb of all the fold.
Daily for thee the five wounds bleed,
Daily is proffered Meat Indeed,
Till the true Canaan's soil be trod,
And Manna cease in Unveiled God.

SUNRISE AT SEA.

How fair to the watcher
The sunrise o'er ocean !
Not only the orient
With glory is glowing ;
The clouds to the westward
Gleam as for his setting.

One moment for rapture—
Look, look, he is risen ;
O where is the splendour
The firmament flushing ?
The sun has reclaimed it ;
The sun, its fair fountain.

White white are the cloudlets,
White white as at gloaming,
White white are the cloudlets,
Yet joy has not left them,
The orb in the orient
Builds beautiful morning.

O Bride watching lonely,
Say where is the Bridegroom?
O look on thy children
With Jesus translucent;
Ah, soon o'er this wild sea
Shall break the great Morning.

White white are the garments
Prepared for that greeting,
White white are the garments,
And perfect the Glory;
Ah, sweet concentration!
The saints in the Saviour!

First, Glory-flushed cloudlets,
Then, full-orbed Perfection;
While tarries Christ's chariot
Men read not the vision,
But soon they shall hear Him—
"Lo, I and My children."

Off Dunquerque, July 12, 1867.

THE ORPHAN OF SAINT LEONARD.

EREWHILE Saint Leonard (if not he, yet those
In whom his spirit, which is Christ's, yet dwelt),
Erewhile Saint Leonard built for souls a home,
Under the shade of the sweet Malvern Hills.
The Church, which owned his invocation, looked
Without upon a village green, within
On life's tired even and its happy morn ;
Those from long toil in near or far-off fields
Rested 'mid glimpses of a better rest ;
These from a home which men call orphaned came
To the dear Father Who is everywhere,
To sing and serve awhile near Christ's true Throne.

For one of these last-named we grieve and joy—
Grieve, that he brought from his hard London toil
(Not knowing then what all who saw him knew)
His eighteen summers to our doors to die ;
Joy, that throughout those weary, waiting days
His heart was where once more his feet had turned,

Where sweet Saint Leonard tells of the true home.
Among the lilies, like the Love, he fed,¹
There he sate listening to a voice which came
From the dear Altar which so long he served—
Absolving, rendering blest Viaticum.
Then patient on a dying bed he lay,
The Cross-nailed Jesus crying from the wall,
“ My Child, I know it all, and more, far more.”
Then came the dreadful trial-time, the hour,
When souls unconscious speak their past, and tell
Too oft sad secrets in wild wanderings;
What did we learn then of those eighteen years?
What did the prince of this world find in him
When he came near that new Gethsemane?
A thought (sweet pledge of better things to come !)
That he was in the Holy Place—a word
(Fair earnest of the wondrous glorifying
Fitting vile bodies for the sight of God !)

¹ “ He feedeth among the lilies.”—*Song of Solomon*.

“ A friend who went to see him found him sitting in the garden among the lilies, himself as pale as they, while at his side sate the minister of consolation, encouraging his gentle soul with words of hope and peace.”—*Obituary Notice*.

That the last clothing of the mortal him
Was not meet vestment for such ministry !

The day of the dear Passion came and sped ;
The Rest-day dawned ; then Jesus' rest was his,
And one to other said with tearful eyes,
" Fred has gone home ! "

With prayer and chant and hymn
And tears heart-springing and sweet summer flowers,
Near thy soul's earthly haven laid, sleep well,
Sleep, Orphan of Saint Leonard ! In yon heaven
Pray for me, pray for all who weep below !
Pray most for those who most have earned thy
prayer,

The kindly souls whose more than parent love,
When he came dying (how few weeks ago !)
Threw wide their doors to take the orphan in,
Then, with all gentle Christ-like ministries,
Day-long and night-long, hoping nothing back,
Tended him, his last birthday cheered with loves,
Then wept to mark his parting pangs, and proved
That Christ has not yet gone from this cold world.

August 11th, 1873.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS LAMBS.

THE story versified below is to be found in the Rev. S. Baring-Gould's "Post-mediæval Preachers," under the head, "Francis Coster." The versifier has made a slight addition for purposes of narration. The following is Mr. Baring-Gould's account :—

"There is one delightful mediæval tale reproduced by Coster, which I shall venture to relate, as it is full of beauty, and inculcates a wholesome lesson. There is a ballad in German on the subject, to be found in Pocci and Göres' Fest Kalender, which has been translated into English, and published in some children's books. The story was, I believe, originated by Anthony of Sienna, who relates it in his Chronicle of the Dominican Order ; and it was from him that the preachers and writers of the middle ages drew the incident. With the reader's permission, I will tell the story in my own words, instead of giving the dry and stiff record found in Coster.

"There was once a good priest, who served a

church in Lusitania ; and he had two pupils, little boys, who came to him daily to learn their letters, and to be instructed in the Latin tongue. Now these children were wont to come early from home, and to assist at mass, before ever they ate their breakfast or said their lessons. And thus was each day sanctified to them, and each day saw them grow in grace and in favour with God and man. These little ones were taught to serve at the Holy Sacrifice, and they performed their parts with care and reverence. They knelt and responded, they raised the priest's chasuble and kissed its hem, they rang the bell at the Sanctus and the Elevation ; and all they did they did right well. And when mass was over, they extinguished the altar-lights, and then taking their little loaf and can of milk, retired to a side-chapel for their breakfast.

“One day the elder lad said to his master, ‘Good Father, who is the strange child who visits us every morning when we break our fast?’

“‘I know not,’ answered the priest. And when the children asked the same question day by day, the old man wondered and said, ‘Of what sort is he?’

“ ‘He is dressed in a white robe without seam, and it reacheth from his neck to his feet.’

“ ‘Whence cometh he?’

“ ‘He steppeth down to us, suddenly, as it were from the Altar. And we ask him to share our food with us; and that he doth right willingly every morning.’

“ ‘Then the priest wondered yet more, and he asked, ‘Are there marks by which I should know him, were I to see him?’

“ ‘Yes, Father; he hath wounds in his hands and feet; and as we give him of our food, the blood flows forth and moistens the bread in his hands, till it blushes like a rose.’

“ ‘And when the master heard this, a great awe fell upon him, and he was silent awhile. But at last he said gravely, ‘O my sons, know that the Holy Child Jesus hath been with you. Now when He cometh again, say to Him, Thou, O Lord, has breakfasted with us full often; grant that we brothers and our dear master may sup with Thee.’

“ ‘And the children did as the priest bade them.

The Child Jesus smiled sweetly as they made the request, and replied, 'Be it so ; on Thursday next, the day of My Ascension, ye shall sup with Me.'

"So when Ascension Day arrived, the little ones came very early as usual, but they brought not their loaf, nor the tin of milk. And they assisted at mass as usual ; they vested the priest, they lighted the tapers, they chanted the responses, they rang the bell. But when the *Pax vobiscum* had been said, they remained on their knees, kneeling behind the priest. And so they gently fell asleep in Christ, and they with their dear master sate down at the Marriage-supper of the Lamb."

“What and whence, O Spirit-Stranger,
In this world of crime and plaint,
With the raiment of the Shepherd,
And the halo of the Saint?
Art thou come from Church-triumphant,
To bring earth a message blest
Of the nearer-hastening glory,
Of the rapture and the rest?”

Brother ! not the rest and rapture,
Not the martyrs' altar-cries,
Not the glimpses of the glory
Speed my path from Paradise ;
These beseem the palm-decked warrior,
These the rest-crowned sentinel—
Round thee still the swords are flashing,
Round thee still the foes watch well.
Thou hast marked th' encircling halo,
Thou too wearest pastor's vest—
Would'st thou through the endless ages
With like crown be manifest ?
Hear thou then of silent strivings
'Midst the world-despised and low,
Hear God's priest and little children,
Hear the love of long ago.

O the days when faith was labour !
O the days ere gain was gold !
O the pleasant Lusian lowland
Where I watched my rustic fold !
O the tranquil Lusian dawning
When, ere sunlight streaked the skies,

I went forth, as aye, to offer
The Tremendous Sacrifice ;
When my life was in the Spirit,
And before the Throne my knee,
And I heard the Victim whisper,
"Shepherd, bring My lambs to Me."
Trembling, then, I said the *Missa*,
Trembling left the altar-stair,
And laid by the sacred vestment,
And went forth to seek my care.
In a vine-clad home I found them,
One in birth-day, one in joy,
The sweet bloom of twice-five summers
Touched each pure unconscious boy.
"Will ye live before the altar?"
"Father ! yes," they answered meet,
And they sought my dwelling daily
Lisping lessons at my feet.
Dawn by dawn the Father standing
Perfected the awful rites,
Dawn by dawn in meek prostration
Lay the little acolytes ;

And right well they rang the Sanctus,
And they raised the robe right well,
And right clear th' encircling hamlet
Heard at toil the Presence-bell.

'Twas the season of Rogation ;
Came my little ones and said,
" Father ! who is that Child-stranger
Comes and shares our matin bread ?
O so white his garment seamless !
O so ready his consent
When we pray him share our breakfast !
With poor milk and bread content !
Dost thou ask us whence he cometh ?
O we cannot speak his home ;
Sudden, silent, from the Altar
To our board he seems to come.
Dost thou ask how thou may'st know him
Should his feet thy threshold tread ?
Ah ! his feet and hands are wounded ;
Ah ! the blood-drops stain our bread."
" Little ones ! " with awe I answered,

“ Know your God has passed your way ;
Whom your spirits greet at dawning
Him your eyes have seen at day.
Ye have seen the good Lord Jesus,
Ye have seen the Holy Child,
In the city of defilement
Ye have met the Undefined.
O my children highly favoured !
When once more at morn you view
Christ, the ageless Child of Mary,
Pray this prayer for me and you :
‘ Thou full oft hast shared our breakfast ;
O Lord Jesus, grant that we
And Thy servant our dear master
May sit down and sup with Thee.’ ”
Lo ! next morn that prayer was uttered ;
Lo ! next morn the promise given ;
“ On the day of My Ascension
Ye shall sup with me in heaven.”

’Tis the great Ascension Thursday ;
Long ere day the children rise

To behold the true Sun rising
 Into skies above the skies ;
Swift athwart the olive-valley
 Hastes each clear and guileless brow,
But nor loaf nor ewer bear they,
 For the Lord will feed them now ;
At the lych the Father waits them,
 Kneel they 'neath his lifted hand,
And once more they light the tapers,
 And once more for serving stand ;
And once more rings out the *Sanctus*,
 And once more the Presence-bell,
And once more the hamlet listens,
 Listens, ah ! to dying-knell ;
Hark ! the solemn *Pax vobiscum*,
 See ! the faithful bend the head ;
See ! they rise ; they wait ; they know not
 They are waiting for the dead.
Lo ! amid that farewell pleading
 To three souls their angels came ;
So they passed from that last supper
 To the supper of the Lamb.

THE MASS OF SAINT GREGORY.

ONE of Saint Gregory's congregation doubted the truth of the Real Presence. At the Saint's prayer during the Celebration, Christ became visible upon the altar, surrounded by all the instruments of the crucifixion.

I.

"The Christ is here ! the Christ is here ! the Christ
the word hath spoken ;

Before Him gleamed the chaliced Wine, before Him
Bread lay broken ;

' This is My Body, This My Blood '—who souls from
God shall sever ?

The Bread is Flesh of Christ, the Wine is Blood of
Christ for ever.

2.

“The Word Who bade the glorious sun shine in
second heaven,
Who lit Arcturus and his sons, Orion and
Seven,
Who took our flesh, Who rent the heavens for us
and crucifying,
Can He not come on Wine and Bread and show
doom His dying?”

3.

Thus bending near the holy Pyx exclaimed
blest Gregorius;
Alas! in Agapetus' soul reigned Doubt, the fi-
victorious;
Full oft the Victim passed the lips, the hand s-
rood confessing,
But when He knocked at the soul's door that c-
was barred to blessing.

4.

White angel of the rising Sun, the morning sta-
glowing,
White angel of the coming God, the priest Chri-
death is showing;

Now fades the starlight in the dawn, now dies to
earth the mortal,

Now falls the Saint and intercedes before Love's
inner portal.

5.

"Dear Lord, to Agapetus' soul draw near in pitying
kindness ;

Before the Joy in tears he kneels, before the Light
in blindness ;

The upper-room, the passion-hill make sweet his
being's story,

But clouds may veil the orient gleam, and Doubt
the mystic Glory.

6.

O Love, Who rodest meek to die, Who evermore
art deathless !

O Victor, baring battle-wounds to gift with faith
the faithless !

As Thou didst render all for us, now teach us all to
render,

Now show our eyes the Manhood pierced, our souls
immortal splendour."

7.

O fragrant at the heavenly Throne, the angel's censer
golden !

O wondrous at the Throne on earth the sight by
eyes beholden !

He comes ! the living Jesus comes ! He rends the
Veil asunder,

And sight adores the Ever-Truth, as faith the Ever-
Wonder.

8.

O Saint upon the shore of light adoring Unveiled
Gladness,

Pray for all doubters in the joy as once amid the
sadness,

And sing, as near the mystic Throne each wanderer
rests from roving,

Νῦν Ἀγαπητός ἀγαπᾷ, the Loved of God is loving.

POEMS OF EARLIER YEARS.

THEN WERE WE FREE FROM GUILTY STAIN,
BUT SAD AND SINFUL NOW ;
WITH CONTRITE HEARTS WE COME AGAIN
TO MAKE OUR SOLEMN VOW.—*Church Hymn.*

THE APOSTLES ON OLIVET.

Apostoli Loquuntur.

THE King of Glory has gone up on high.
With a merry noise, harping and trump of joy,
God has gone up. Ye azure Gates of Glory,
And you, ye everlasting Doors of heaven,
Our hearts and eyes are dead to meaner things ;
Have ye not robbed our souls of their sweet Food,
Have ye not taken our Master from our heads
As from the Son of Shaphat in old day
Ye took the living Tishbite, never more
To parch the meadows with his thunder-voice :
While from the winds, His grand Elijah-chariot,
No mantle falls to spirit us with Him?
Angels of God, aerial messengers
Winging the sun-track of the King of kings,

Walking the bridge whose steps are Olivet,
Whose end is glory unapproachable,
Angels of God, O, send us not away ;
A little season let us linger here,
By sight on Olivet's brow, by faith in heaven ;
A little season let us rest, and then
We will go downward to Jerusalem,
City of our hopes, and tarry things to come.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
The Holy Ghost fell on a Virgin's womb,
And gave, unspotted, to this troubled world
A new creation, Him that was to come.
Oxen and asses girt His cradle-bed,
But Saba spoke Him, by the gifts of kings,
King, Priest, and Prophet ; and poor shepherdmen
Came, at the call of angels, to the place
Where Bethlehem's manger cradled Man and God.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.

The lowly craftsman's unknown Child, the Boy
Of twelve sweet Syrian summers, in the Temple
Sits with the wise men of the land and shows
His high credentials as the Son of Man.
Father and mother of the mortal Him
How is it that ye sought Him? Know ye not
His heavenly Father's work is His first care?
Tarry awhile, and He will come with you,
And all our good shall flow from Nazareth.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
Hearken the Baptist: "Lo! the Lamb of God
That takes away the sins of the whole world."
There stands a Man within the Jordan flood
To sanctify all waters, opening heaven
To all who seek the Spirit's door to life;
And from the sky there comes a Messenger,
In attributes a Glory, shape a Dove,
And lights upon His Head Whom John baptized.
Father and Spirit! Ever-Triune God,
With Him the everlasting Word below,

Attest His Godhead Whom the Father sent
To reconcile through Manhood man to God.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
There was a season when He went alone,
In thirst and hunger, forty days and nights,
Where the wolf roams the thorny wilderness.
The lips were parched whence living waters flow,
The Bread of Life was breadless ; at that hour
With all that tempts the sight, the taste, the pride,
Satan drew near to tempt the Second Man,
Chief of the race that shall be perfected.
O, Satan, know with Whom thou hast to do.
The woman's Seed that is to bruise thy head,
He was not born of Joseph, but is God.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
We were poor sinners, following lowly trades,
Mending our nets by blue Gennesareth,
Till called with nets of love to fish for men.

He called us and we followed Him ; we left
Father and wife and mother for His sake,
Losing the world so we might gain our souls.
Foxes had holes and birds had nests, but He,
The Son of Man, lacked where to lay His Head.
He Who had made the heavens, and Who stretched
The earth and sea beneath them, on the earth
Walked poor and friendless. All ye that pass by,
Look, was there ever sorrow like your Lord's?

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
We saw Him walk along the ways of men ;
A Messenger of mercy. With the food
Of one poor child of Eve we saw Him feed
Four thousand and five thousand. With a word
We saw Him cast out devils ; with a word
We saw Him heal the sick and loose the bound.
We saw Him lay His Hands upon the dead
And give them back to weeping friends ; we saw
How beautiful on the mountains were His feet,
How glad the tidings of what Love should do

Before it became Glory. One of us
Would lay his weary head upon the breast
That soon the Cross must pillow. One, the Rock
On Whom He buildeth Her who is not born,
Denied Him thrice to own Him evermore.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
There was a day when out Jerusalem
There stood upon a hill-top three of twelve,
With Him, the Hill whence cometh help: when lo!
He straightway seemed another in their eyes.
Three men were talking where three men lay prone,
Two that were fled and One that soon should flee;
Elijah, Amram's offspring, Christ the third,
His Face a Sun, His Garment Very Light,
Communed together of the things to come:
And far above them spake the Father's Voice,
"This is My Son, in Whom I am well pleased."

O that the path of many tears should seem
When first we tread it strewed with loveliest flowers!

Within a garden there were four poor men,
Men whom the world might turn from. There were
three

Who slept, and there was One Who could not
sleep,

For near them, 'mid the twilight and the shade,
The lonely Man of Sorrows knelt in prayer,
Prayer that His cup of tears might pass away.

Anon, He, praying, in His mighty grief
Sweated Blood; drop by drop on earth It fell
As if It could not tarry for the Cross;
And then He came unto our resting-place.

"Could ye not watch for Me? I have watched for
you ;"

These were His words—O, hear them, ye poor
souls

Whose eyes are tearless when ye fain would weep,
And ye shall weep as never ye wept before ;

"Could ye not watch for Me one little hour?"

Three times He sought us while we slumbered, and
Three times He went and prayed the Father. Last
The hour and power of darkness was at hand.

How shall we speak the rest? the scattered sheep
Knew but from others of the Shepherd's doom,
They cared not then to sip His bitter cup,
Though now they yearn to drain it. One of them
Came with a kiss to slay the Very Life,
As a foul night-bat fans where it would gorge.
One was a-near Him to disclaim, and one
Followed afar off to dark Golgotha,
In time to carry a dead Man to His grave.
But all the others, as Himself had spoken,
That night offended were because of Him,
And left Him in His chiefest need alone,
With His worst foes to grapple; death and sin
And man their offspring whom He died to save.
Breasting the Red Sea of the Cross and shame,
By His own Blood He paid our debt of woes,
And bought us back from bondage crueller
Than they who slew Him wept in Mizraim.

The King of kings sat in His thorny crown,
And wore His robe of scarlet mockery;
He gave His back to those who smote, He gave

His cheeks to those who pluckèd out the hair.
He bore the sharp Cross up the weary hill,
And then they nailed the Holy and the Just
Between despair and penitence to die.
The soldiers part His garments, casting lots
For what, like Her we wait for, hath no seam.
He asks for food, they give Him gall. He asks
For drink, they give Him loathly vinegar.
"Father, into Thy hands I yield My soul,"
He cries, and it is finished.

A little while

He was with us; we fled and He is gone.
The rocks that belt the ocean are His dirge,
Rifted asunder, and the sun is dark:
And many dead do leave their graves to tell
How He Who made them, He Who saves them
sleeps.

The rich man spoiled the Tree of tears, and laid
Its precious Fruit, the Body broken for us,
To rest within a rocky garden-grave,
With Nicodemus' spice and Mary's tear.

O was it only sorrow filled our souls,
And now might Satan and his hosts rejoice
That He Who shook their empire was no more?
“Destroy Me now this temple; in three days
I will rebuild it.” Were not these His words?
Did we not speak them while He lay in the mould,
Brother to brother, friend to friend? Did not
His very foes remember them and set
Those who should watch to prove their purport true?
The day they slew the Lamb of God was gone,
The day was gone they held their Passover,
But when another morning broke in grey
She to whom much was pardoned, she who loved
Much, to the garden where her Lord was sleeping
Came with the sun to give Him her first tears.
But O! she found an empty sepulchre,
The guards had ceased their barren tutelage,
And angels were a-watching in their room.
“Woman, whom seekest? wherefore dost thou weep?”
“Sir, if thou canst, O, tell me where He lies.”
“Mary!” “Rabboni!” It is none but He.
THE LORD IS RISEN. ALLELUIA.

He will be with us forty days, and then
He goeth to His Father and to ours.
O joy of joys ! for He hath conquered death,
And all shall live who come to God by Him.
O joy of joys ! for He is risen indeed,
And all who sleep in Him shall rise as He.
O joy of joys ! His Blood hath purchased rest,
And all shall rest who hither bring their care.
He is the Root and Offspring beautiful
Of David, He the bright and morning Star,
He opens wide the gates which none may shut,
He shuts, and none may open. He is ours,
And we may tell Him all we could not then,
Those three sad days death had Him and not we,
How we do love Him, how we almost grieve
The Cross and all its horrors are gone by,
For now He would not bear them all alone.
The cruel wounds were on His feet and side,
And we did know Him by their sorrowful tale
The Life and Resurrection. There was one
Whose passing doubts shall but confirm the faith
In those that shall come after. There were two

Who, as they left the city, journeying north,
Met him, and spoke of His sweet Sacrifice,
Then heard how all He suffered was foretold,
And lastly knew Him when He broke the Bread,
And sate no longer nigh them. More than once
On the new Sabbath through closed doors He came
Where all we were assembled ; in our eyes
He ate and drank to prove Him Very Man
Whom Very God had quickened : in our ears
He spoke of Him Whom Pentecost should give,
The Promise of the Father, heralding
Her against whom hell's gates should not prevail.

O, He was with us for a little while,
Again a little while, and He is gone.
We were eleven when He went, but now,
Instead of him, that other Lucifer,
Who left the place of glory for the gloom,
Our sky has made Matthias its new star,
And in our first perfection twelve we stand.
And now, O Jesu, Lord and Christ ! O Man
In Whom God dwelling bridged the gulf that barred

Humanity from Godhead, Thou hast done
The work the Father purposed before worlds ;
Thou art not left without a witness here,
For what Thy Blood hath quickened ours shall feed ;
'Twas Thine for us to toil and die ; be ours
To toil and spend and weep and die for Thee,
So Thy sweet kingdom win but one more soul.
We have received the Holy Ghost, and we,
The elders of a better Covenant,
With prayer and fast and laying on of hands
Shall gift with grace the next in ancestry
To pass Him down unbroken to the end.
And now we wait the rushing mighty Wind
Which, Joel-languaged, spoke of Pentecost,
Before the Son of Mary templed God.

There has a goodly savour been on earth
Since Thou, O Wisdom from on high, wert Man.¹
Aspalathus and storax, galbanum,
Onyx and myrrh and smoke of frankincense
That clouds the altars, are not sweet like Thee.

¹ Ecclesiasticus xxiv. *passim*.

Thou art the Mother of fair love and fear
And holy hope, Who drawest God-wards all.
Thou art the Vine with many branches ; Thou
The many-membered Body nurturing souls.
We are the watchmen on Thy Sion's towers,
And judged for Thee with Thee at last shall
judge.

Our hands shall water well Thy garden-bed,
Till blood of martyrs stain Thy perfect Brook ;
Then It shall gush a River, belt the world,
And o'er its sombrest kingdoms roll, a Sea.

1856.

THEY DIED AT THE REDAN.

H, me, they are not ! but I sometimes feel,
At the dear hour when, couched by sorrow's throne,
The doves have dirged the sunlight, and grey Eve
Like a veiled angel shrouds the western hill,
The Church's rapt Communion hath its full
And perfect utterance, while all the stars
Are hearts of love and joy to hearts that brood
O'er love and grief, and these our hero-saints,
The swordless soldiers of the Love of Love,
Are round us and above us, and their words,
Like Eucharistic blessings, yield our soul
No shadow of its longings, but their Crown.

1855.

THE PENITENT.

THERE was a halo o'er the Holy Shrine,
Where soon the Unbloody Sacrifice would lie;
The twofold light was burning, and beneath
Were two who rendered up their incense. One
Knelt like a suppliant, and beside him stood
A stoled and vested minister of Him
Whose sacrifice is mercy, and Whose hand
Looses what priests have loosed on earth, in heaven.
The sinful brother told his tale, and spoke
With fevered intonation and with sighs;
Then, like the dew of morning on the grass,
Fell words of comfort on his heart, and on
His head, like dear air to the captive, lay
The hands of absolution, and he lived
To God. The other stood and shared his joy;
His mouth the trump of Godhead, and his smile
The smile that glistens starlike from the eyes

When angels' souls have made their home in clay.
And all around them shone the other world,
And those who minister within the Veil
Were censing thence with jasper thuribles
A contrite soul, a new-washed pearl of Christ,
Whose casket lay below, beneath his hands
Who wields the Keys a monarch may not wield,
Their brother in God's household and their joy.

ISRAEL IN BABYLON.

Persons of the Dialogue—1. MELCHIAH, an aged Captive Jew.

2. ADAH, his sick Daughter.

Scene—A sick chamber in Babylon.

Time—Three days after the events in Daniel iii.

ADAH (*waking suddenly*).

FATHER! O, do not say it was a dream.

The happiest—

MELCHIAH.

We are not in Sion, Adah.

ADAH.

His Will be done Who willed it. Yet my dream
Was of a better land than Sion, Father,
Though the time was when I thought that the best.
I have wept tears bitter as Rachel, who,
In Rama, thinking of her perished sons,

Willeth not comfort. I have mourned for friends
As lovely in their lives as Jonathan,
And nearer to me now than Saul to him,
Though *they* sleep with their fathers, *I* lie here.
So Sion hath my waking thoughts, and Sion
Comes in the silent car whose steeds are dreams,
And Joy is born again of Memory,
Leaving me sadder than I was at nightfall
When the vain shadows fly the breaking day.
But we are free who serve the living God ;
They who love country more than Him are slaves.
The Holy Mount where we are citizens
Hath dews more sweet than Hermon where they fall
On Sion ;
They who pray Endless Pity quickly know
That voiceless words may cheer them elsewhere,
Though those they heard in our high shrine are dumb.

MELCHIAH.

My daughter, hath thy bed of pain such stay?
It is well writ, "He chastens Whom He loves ;"²

² Proverbs iii. 12.

f human sickness hath such price from heaven
t should not be a sorrow any more.

O! my Adah,

am an ancient father of our tribe,
am thought wise by surface-reckoning men,
and I did teach thy childhood many things ;
but what shall change not in this changing world?
am the listener and the taught one now,
My Adah, my pale Lily, my Saint-Child ;
What have I taught thee like thy lesson here
Where men see but the sick-bed of a girl?
Thy patient wearing of a two-fold chain,
God's and the Gentile's ; thy humility
Mid signs that, Moses-like, thou talk'st with God ;
Thy prayerful loving ; to speak all in one,
The Angel Resignation with his wings,
Patience and Hope, spread o'er thee and made thine ;
Thus in thee is thy father taught of Heaven.

ADAH.

What thou hast praised is not my work but God's ;
What thou hast *not* praised under God is thine.

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That which of old, before she felt this chain,
God spake by Osee about Sion, "Lo,
I will allure her to the wilderness
Speaking her comfort,"³ hath a twofold truth,
And Gilead hath a balm for her and me.
Her wilderness is Babylon, and mine
This bed, through each God pleads with us of sin,
And makes us own that He is Very Love.
Is it not good for man to be alone
With God, with Him Who, unconfined by worlds,
Dwells, All and Undivided, in the soul
Emptied, as *thy* soul is, of all save Him?

MELCHIAH.

Be His alone the glory. He is God
Who empties, He is God Who fills the soul,
And That wherewith He fills it is Himself.
He hath been very pitiful to my years
Who with thy young days deals so lovingly,
And my worst earthly sorrow is thy pains;
What marvel, then, if what He gives I hold?

³ Hosea xi. 14.

Or if I see things man may never tell
When I do close these failing orbs, and let
The eye which is my soul range the dim spheres?

Thou knowest the Three Holy Children?

ADAH.

They

Who come to pray God with us?

MELCHIAH.

Thou hast said.

O ! Child, my news of them will make thee mourn.
They and thy father, one lorn eventide,
With other some who own this brotherhood
In chains, by waters that are none of hers
Sate down and wept when they remembered Sion.
We hanged our harps upon the river's trees,
They had no strain for sorrow's trembling touch,
The once accordant voices of our girls
Jarred to their music. Then the Gentile said
"Sing us a song you sang in your own land ;"

“How shall we sing it here in yours?” we
asked,

And prayed, the while we thought of Solyma,
Our hand might wither ere our love forgot.
And then our grief was mighty. O that wail
Of memory's desolation! Not so wild
The cry of famished Shemer,⁴ not so lorn
The shriek of Assur⁵ o'er his whelm'd home,
When the sun, burning o'er the snowy hills,
Is leagued with rash Euphrates to o'errule
The “Thus far and no further,” and to make
The palaces of men as ocean-halls—
While they who gave us chains to wear and tears
To drink, next gave us taunts for comfort, and
Told us what cruel snares lay round our souls.
O, hear! They told us that on Dura's plain,
There stood a golden Image for a God;
They said their king had set it there; yea, willed,
When music's many voices gave the sign,

⁴ The Samaritan.

⁵ The Assyrian. Calmet says, that melted snow from the Armenian Mountains sometimes causes the Euphrates to overflow its banks.

That every tribe of men, and every man,
The subjects of his wide supremacy,
Should fall and yield it worship; last, who failed
Should perish in a furnace that same hour.

ADAH.

Say rather, all true Israelites must die.

MELCHIAH.

Child, death is not the only martyrdom.
They may be martyrs who would live, as much
As who would die, at God's will, which be done,
Although *our* day of witness is not yet.
But three days sped—

ADAH.

Three days? then I should know,
Ere thou dost speak, the purport of thy tale;
He Who hath chained my eyesight to these walls
Often by hearing shows me absent things,
Till my soul's listening is almost sight.
No further back in time than thy three days,

I lying here, as men do speak, alone,
I thought of what we are not yet, but what
We may be, the sweet rest of faithful men,
The happy country whither Abel went,
The firstfruits in the mighty field of souls.
Yea, in the Eternal's shadow I was hushed,
Even as a child turned to the breast is still.
And yet this world was not all dead to me
Who lay half in a better one; I heard
The dissonant voices and the footfalls, which
To me are all of this great Babylon,
She who hath said, "I sit a queen o'er thrones."
They ceased, and Silence had a moment's reign;
And then I heard the Grecian dulcimer,⁶
The echoing cornet, the low-plaining flute,
With ringing chords of our dear native land,
For a sweet season, make one melody;
So beautiful the sounds, they might well seem
Such as we hope to hear one day in heaven,
But something told me they were not of God.
There was a silence for a little while,

⁶ Calmet says, this instrument came from the Ionian Islands.

And my heart's beating filled it ; then I heard
A sound as of acclaiming multitudes
Rendering their incense at some altar ; then
A cry of doom and terror drew my tears,
And last the trumpet closed the viewless scene.
Father ! O, fill the blanks in this strange tale
With what thou sawest, I have feared to learn.

MELCHIAH.

But three days sped the day of witness came.

Darkness and light had interchanged their worlds,
Making it day again in Babylon.

It was not then as upon other days ;
Not then Euphrates' willow trees bare fruit
Of Judah's woes ; not there the Gentiles scoffed,
The Captives wept. The shepherd sought not then
His fleecy care in fold upon the plains,
Nor any ploughshare brake the fallow soil ;
For shepherd, herdsman, ploughman, every son
Of labour, all the slaves of earthly joy,
And all we wearers of these chastening bonds.

That day had common task-work. They who speak
This mighty realm their mother, they who sit
Within her earthwide pale, lorn aliens, they
Who own the ties of one humanity,
At one man's call came thronging Dura-wards—
From the four winds, far in unvoyaged seas,
The hurrying waters seek the whirlpool's verge,
So waves of men, converging from all climes,
At sunrise, set towards that Tophet-plain.

Then followed that which thou hast heard and
told.

There came accusers to the king, and said,
"O king, live ever! didst not say that all
Here met in Dura should adore yon sign,
The emblem of thy empire? Lo! three Jews,
Thy most unworthy delegates in rule,
When rose the sound of all sweet instruments
Speaking the hour appointed, silent stood,
Disclaiming sworn allegiance. Yea, the throne
Is mocked of those who should have proved its stay."
Ah me, then came the fearful judgment hour,

Then God's true silver in the fire was proved.
I saw them stand before the bar of man
Unblenching; then I heard the monarch speak,
"Have they said truth? Have ye not served my gods
Nor rendered worship where my will decrees?
Think ye it worse to live a royal life
My favourite vassals, than to die my foes,
To die that dreadful death in this vain cause?
Away, soft words unfitting Babylon's throne,
What boots persuasion when command is scorned?
Well even yet, if at those sounds ye fall;
Woe, sevenfold woe, whoever bends not there;
Where are the limbs yon furnace will not scathe?
Who is That God will free you from my power?"

Then the Three Holy Children made reply,
"Thou askest if the tale thou heard'st be true,
Thou threatenest death unless we do this wrong;
O king, no love of life shall bind our tongues;
For, though as poor frail men we shrink from death,
We cannot fear as knowing Whom we serve.
Hear then and know, we will not serve thy gods.

Yea, let the terrible furnace rage amain,
God will deliver us from that and thee;
Yea, let the earth be restless; God is King,
And Him alone for ever we will serve.
His the All-seeing Eye, the Sheltering Arm,
The Power, the Everlasting Will to save;
Be His the Glory and the Worship, His
The Ever Incommunicable Name."

Then came the end. Then spake the infuriate king,
And bade men wake the flames to sevenfold power,
Then bind the Three to glut them. It was done,
And all awhile was doom and death and fear.

Then the king rose, and spake his counsellors,
"Cast we not Three men bound into the fire?
O most amazing vision! there are Four;
Unbound they walk the withering element,
And O! the Fourth is like the Son of God!
"O ye Three servants of the Most High God,
Come forth and hither."

Forth and thither came
The Three all scatheless; not one hair was singed;

There was no virtue in the furnace then
To slay, which slew the mighty; not its smell
Had passed on any raiment. Forth they came—
We others stood around them while they faced
The king, not then for judgment. We drew nigh;
We heard him speak and bless the mighty God
Who saved His faithful servants, Who sent down
His Angel, Him all prophets harbinger,
To quell that furnace-fury by their side;
We heard him will that all beneath the throne
On pain of direful death should fear the True.
And then we turned to those whom he then gave
Sublimier sceptres 'neath him, those who walked
With Mercy in the furnace; we asked news
From the fair Heavenly Country whence He came;
So haply we might hear what they had heard
We craved their words from Silence, listening rapt
Like men who wait a Blessing, or who tend
The sheep of Tarshish⁷ in her sunset isles,
What time, far up beneath a dome of blue,
They hear the morning bird sing orisons.

⁷ The West.

Adah ! what joy for thee and me, what peace
For thy wan brow and for my silver hairs,
What hope for our dear country. Most dear child !
I saw men girt about with terrors fell
Count them but shadows. They with heaven-
stretched hands
Confessed the Everlasting. These are they
Who by their witness bid us wait and hope,
'Mid passing griefs, the Promise which is joy.
We have the earnest of that Promise now,
Telling how glad the future. Blest is life
If lived for Him Who gave it, sweet are pains,
Dear after death is good men's memory,
And bright the mansion it forecasts their souls
Among the things eternal. We shall see
The King in all His beauty. We shall hear
The songs of country in the far-off Land
Where is His Dwelling. O ! 'twere poorer far
(Brought back in love once more a people we)
Our navy rode by Eloth⁸ as in days
Of peace and freedom ; when, 'neath David's son,

⁸ 1 Kings ix. 26.

Our land enlarged her borders till they reached
Eastward this mournful River, in the west
The Great Sea, watching in the cedarious north
The sky on fire o'er Lebanon's snowy peak :⁹
And better, since He wills it, thus to serve
Our God awhile in chains by Babylon's waters,
When these sad wanderings seal our troth with Heaven,
When chains are bands that knit our souls to joy.

1859.

⁹ "In the summer the firmament around it seems to be on fire."—Clarke's *Travels*, quoted by Dean Stanley, *Sinai and Palestine*, ch. xii.

ELIJAH.

FAR in the desert, under a wild broom,"
Elijah sate, and prayed the God of Heaven,
"Lord, let me die, as better men have died ;"
Then laid him down and slept under the shade.
The ravens who had brought him bread and flesh
At Cherith, came not to those stony wilds,
But He, Who made their beaks his ministers
By distant Jordan, sends His Angel now,
Below Beersheba. Thither he had flown
From Carmel, slayer of the sons of Baal,
Fearing the murderous threats of Israel's Queen,
Ethbaal's child, Sidonian Jezebel.

He was the last of the true prophets ; he,
When all the land was dark in Ahab's days,

¹⁰ Dean Stanley (*Sinai and Palestine*) says this was the tree
—not a Juniper.

Rose up a light of God in Israel.
Then He, Who sends the kindly rain and dew,
Awhile withheld them ; for three years the sky
Was cloudless, and the grass of pleasant fields
Thirsty and withered, hearing, as from Heaven,
The lonely Prophet in his zone of skins.
But God had mercy on His faithful son,
When all save he were smit with barrenness ;
Morning and evening came the friendly birds
To feed him, doing Angels' ministries,
And Cherith bade him drink of her sweet wave,
Till that too fell beneath the scorching sun.

God sent him northward where the Great Sea
waters

In heathen Sidon wash Zarephath town.
There was one wandering where the sombre trees
Instead of purple fruits gave her dry boughs,
Gathering awhile those wrecks of sap and bloom,
That she might share a scanty meal and die ;
Behold, the Prophet met her by the gate,
And passed beneath her lintel, bringing joy :

Thrice this fair orb went circling round the sun,
Her loveliest skies forgetting their soft showers,
Still Israel's shepherds wept for the green fields,
Still in the stranger's land one home had joy ;
God visited the bread she gave that day,
And blessed it into being, more and more ;
Yea, for that deed of mercy, what she gave
For him to whom she gave it, hers and her,
Grew manifold. The widow's meal and oil
Lasted till God sent back the gracious rain.

The days and seasons came and hasted by,
And passing took away a joy ; the son
Went to his Father, and the mother was left
To journey staffless through a strange land home.
Then "Hast thou come to slay my son?" she cried,
Forgetting who had fed them those three years—
Behold, the living one upon the dead
Stretched three times praying ; by that threefold love
Undoing ill which not himself had done,
He bade the mother take again her joy.
"Now know I thee a man of God," she cried,

"Now the Lord's word within thy mouth is truth."
She knew not all she said, nor saw far off
The Love since then to her and all come nigh,
The three-hour Cross, the three-day garden-tomb,
The threefold death-destroying Deity.

The hills had heard God's controversy. One
On Carmel's summit knelt, while from below
The cry "The Lord He is the God" still came.
"Now go thou up and look toward the sea."
Sev'n times the servant went and looked; sev'n times
Naught save a cloudless sky beheld, returned.
Once more he went; then hastened back and said,
"Out of the sea there comes a little cloud,
A little cloud, a human hand in form."
That hand was opening pardon-gifts to give;
Ere long with clouds and wind the heav'n grew black,
And fell on all the fields the mighty rain.
O sign of former and of latter rain
To come! O earlier love-born Pentecost!
Out of the depths of Godhead's boundless Sea,
With hand outstretched for giving gifts One came,

Our nature veiling, like a cloud, the Sun.
They brought their nails and pierced that gentle
 hand ;
They thought that cloud's rain but one hill could
 drench ;
It fell, and falls, and still shall fall, on souls.

But ere its full fall He went up on high ;
Ev'n as Elijah—whirlwind, earthquake, fire,
Rejected for dear Mercy's still small voice,
Unconscious succouring each lonely soul
The warriors mute, the true sev'n thousand nigh—
Ev'n as Elijah went where Enoch went,
Far o'er Elisha's yearning gaze away,
By chariot and by horses borne, all fire.

1859 & 1874.

HOLY COMMUNION.

THE VOICE OF THE PENITENT.

O LORD of mercies, King of Might,
In suffering flesh for sinners given,
A stranger seeks Thy Altar's Light,
O high and holy Bread of Heaven ;
For here Thy Spirit long hath striven,
And here Thy fell foes still would stay ;
O royal Victim, Mystic Christ,
Come down in Thy high Eucharist,
And take my sin away.

Thou hast another Cross in me,
A new rebuke Thy heart hath broke,
The pride that would not learn of Thee,
And chafed beneath Thy easy yoke.
O dumb cold heart to Lips that spoke

In love, O sloth that deadens sorrows !
How long shall lips that nightly pray
Confess the falls of yesterday,
Then make their guilt the morrow's ?

O Strength and Mercy ! grant once more
Thy strength in weakness mirrored be,
O Sacrifice of Love ! restore
The cleansing grace of tears in me ;
Of tears that should fall bitterly
O'er contrite works till life is flown ;
For O ! such pain is Satan's loss,
And whosoe'er would find Thy Cross
Must seek it with his own.

It is not with a passing pain
Thy children walk the narrow way,
When they have burst the accuser's chain,
And cast his cords of guilt away ;
And none may tell but Thou and they
What bright hopes have what strange alloy ;
Unstoried conquests who may guess ?

Each high heart veils its bitterness,
And none may mete its joy.

Though in Thy balance of their ways
Their mansion in Thy House be won,
And only life the clog that stays
Their eagle-spirits from the sun,
They may not rest till toil is done,
They may not, dare not slumber now,
For where they linger sin is breath,
They live—their life is daily death—
They die—their death is Thou.

If Saints beneath the Altar cry,
If flesh-thorns buffet even these,
If Thou wert homeless, how may I,
The chief of sinners, hope for ease?
Though what may come hath ecstasies,
Repentance weeps o'er what is past ;
What though the first less dimly shine,
Not grief alone but fear were mine,
If mine were not the last,

The Mystic Bride is bridal-dight,
The eager Faithful ask their Food,
O Love of Love and Light of Light!
This is Thy Body, This Thy Blood.

THE VOICE OF THE BELOVED.

Draw near Me, ransomed multitude,
Do thou My bidding, faithful Priest
Be ye not fearful, I am He
Who said, "Ye weary, come to Me,
And I will give you rest."

1857.

THE CHRISTIAN'S DAY.

WHEN in our prayers at morning light
We miss the love of yesternight,
From rapt emotions, pure and deep,
Divided by the gulf of sleep,
And fear lest, faithless to our Stay,
We follow through the virgin day,
With our baptismal banner furled,
The One True Light That lights the world—

When in the fervid hour of noon
Our strength hath failed us all too soon,
Our faith forgetting how and where
Was prayed at noonday Christ's last prayer,
And last when lone at sombre even,
With prayers and sighs we leaguer heaven,
Half doubting if the Risen Dead
Will wash to whiteness sins so red—

Thou Saviour, Who dost shine afar,
The Bright and Only Morning-Star,
Thou Rock, beneath Whose shade we stand,
Cooling our parched heart's weary land,
Thou Mercy, 'mid the darkening west,
Opening Thy Gracious Arms of rest,
Thou Christ, to those who love Thy Name
Through everlasting years the same ;

O sweetly melt as oft of old
Our morning spirit hard and cold ;
O cast Thy shadow, ere we sink
At noonday by temptation's brink ;
Quenched in Thy Everlasting Arms
Be evening sorrows rapturous calms ;
Yea, be for ever, O Thou Blest,
Our Light, our Shelter and our Rest.

DRYBURGH ABBEY.

It was a day in August,
And high in heaven the sun,
We went to see at Dryburgh
What Time had done.

We crossed the fair Tweed River,
Passed down a sheltered lane,
Where leaf and flower glistened
With sun and rain ;

Then, from beneath the branches
At the end of that green way,
We saw the ancient yew-tree,¹¹
And "fair Abbaye."¹²

¹¹ Said to be coeval with the Abbey.

¹² Scott's *Lay*. Canto I., Stanza xxxi.

Not for thy present, Dryburgh,
Not for the stilly rest
That fills thy lonely ruins,
We hold thee blest ;

Not for thy northern transept,
Shrine of the Poet's ¹³ fame,
Who sang of Ellen Douglas
And Malcolm Græme ;

Not for the years seven hundred
Sped since thy day began,
Speaking the generations
Gone in its span,—

Though on thy aisles and cloisters
Old Time has done his will,
Memories of most sweet savour
Cleave to them still,

Memories of holy brethren,
Who saw beneath yon sky

¹³ Scott is buried there.

In heavenly contemplation
The years pass by,

Who when at God's pure Altar
The Bread of Life was given,
Heard words man might not utter,
From the Third Heaven.

We who in these last ages
That Mystic Presence own,
The Son of Man ascended,
The Bread come down,

Still in the high Sacrarium
Where He has deigned to be,
Do bare the head all lowly,
Do bow the knee,

Still as we leave thee, Dryburgh,
This thought thy ruins give,
That though thy Present perish
Thy Past shall live.

"ROKEBY."

OH thanks, true Poet, for thy noble lay ;
They say the world has scorned it. It is well ;
It is the portion of the Spirit's Bards,
Those who shall wear the amaranths of heaven.
But I have loved my leisure's soothing friends,
Them of sweet Rokeby, and at the last page
I grieve that I have lost them. As I pass
To soberer occupation, Memory
Too long would keep them ; I am he who hears
The far sea whisper in the inland shell,
Or stands by a grey tower where Echo waits
And wakes her ringing when the peal is done.

1858.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE, 1861-62.

Now wake a dirge, O Christmas Bell;
A Prince has fall'n in Israel;
Toll for the kingly heart and mind,
Toll for the selfless, grave and kind,
For deeds unmarred by any boast,
For worth scarce recognized till lost.

Now droop, O flags, o'er ev'ry keel,
As hearts are drooping, brave and leal,
For he who bade you wave as one
Above the glass-world—he is gone,
And hived by others now must be
The universe's industry.

Now, tender women, speak your fears;
Strong men, there is no shame in tears;

O little child, scarce knowing why,
Look in your mother's face, and sigh;
O-muse of pencil and of song,
Weep—he is dead who loved you long.

But he is happy; not for him
We pour our Abel-Mizraim;
No selfish tear of ours may soil
The faithful servant's ended toil;
We weep for her who sits alone,
The lonelier for her crown and throne.

So wake a note of cheer, O Bell;
Ah! gentle Lady, all is well;
Look up—with pale, thorn-crownèd brow
Another Bridegroom waits thee now,
And His to all eternity,
A very widow¹⁴ thou shalt be.

January, 1862.

¹⁴ 1 Tim. v. 5.



POEMS BY J. F. M.

CHILD OF LABOUR, BY THY TOIL
IN THE SHOP OF NAZARETH,
WORKING FOR THY DAILY BREAD,
SAVE US, O SWEET JESU.—*Church Litany.*

FROM THE FRENCH OF RÉBOUL.

A CRADLED Child in slumber lay;
A Saint above with raptured look
Gazed earnest, seeming to survey
His image in a brook.

Child! thou art bright and pure as I;
(The Angel said) O, come with me;
We'll mount together joyfully;
But earth is not for thee.

For here at every fresh delight
The soul it weeps for joys departed;
Sorrow and mirth their voice unite
Till all are broken-hearted.

Thus woes and pleasures hold their sway,
So hand in hand walk joy and sorrow,
For never did a sunny day
Ensure a cloudless morrow.

Shall time indent, misfortune waste
Thy brow which now so smooth appears?
And shall thy tender spirit taste
The bitterness of tears?

Ah no ! for I am sent to raise
Thy soul to fields of glory now ;
God hath forgiven thee the days
Thou would'st have seen below.

Let no one in thy dwelling spread
Dark dusky wreaths for men that mourn,
But let them hail an angel sped
Who blessed a mortal born.

The faces there still let them shine ;
Let not a word thy grace recall ;
When years are peaceful, pure as thine
How happy those who fall !

Then spreading wide his sunny wings
The Angel turned, the Angel fled,
Now to his blissful home he springs—
Mother ! thy son is dead.

ISRAEL REDUX.

Isaiah xi. 10 ; Zechariah x. 6.

GLORY to the God of Jewry !
Hallelujah ! Praise the Lord !
We were scattered in His fury,
By His mercy now restored.
O be joyful !
O be joyful in the Lord !

Out of bondage, out of trouble,
Ransomed, rescued souls are we ;
Jordan shrinking like a bubble,
Gives our armies passage free.
Blessed River !
We are born to Christ in thee.

Hark in Rama—lamentations,
Sighs and tears and wailings sore !
Rachel mourns her scattered nations,

All her sons dispersed of yore ;

Rachel ! Mother !

Rachel ! Mother ! weep no more.

Levi ! sound your cymbals gaily !

Greet the ark of God with cheers !

Offer sacrifices daily,

Not of blood, but prayers and tears.

Blow the trumpets,

Sound them as in elder years.

Cease from weeping, cease from moaning,

All our eyes are open wide,

One for all our sins atoning,

We are washed and sanctified !

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Glory to the Lamb beside !

Sing unto the Lord who raises

Up His heritage again ;

Judah, sound His endless praises,

Joseph, join the cheerful strain.

Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !

Hallelujah ! Amen.

A MAY MORNING.

I.

THE chaffinch trim now chirpeth—hark !
And the linnet's songs are sweet,
And the cuckoo cries, and on the bark
The woodpecker doth beat ;
And harshly screams the startled jay,
And the blackbird laughs and flies away,
And the dove to his mate doth call,
And the titmouse hangs on the beechen spray,
The blithest bird of all.

II.

And blithe from yonder banks of thyme
The wild bees' summer song,
And blithe the wanton squirrels climb
Those hazel-shades among,

And blithe the child whose heart's quick beat
Makes music with her fairy feet

As she flies from her fellows small,
But the poet "muttering fancies sweet"
Is the blithest of them all.

OLD ENGLAND.

I.

A MERRY land was Old England,
A merry land, I ween,
When corn was garnered in the Strand,
And Giles's Fields were green.
Then love was pure and faith was sure,
Then hearts had wholesome marrow;
But hearts are dried now towns are wide,
And grassy nooks are narrow.

II.

Then fairies danced on Holborn Hill,
And oft, at close of day,
When stars were out and winds were still,
Was heard their roundelay;
'Twas heard from Avon's sedgy side,
'Twas heard, of late, from Yarrow,

'Tis heard no more now towns are wide,
And crystal streams are narrow.

III.

To greenwood glades and tangled shades
The outlaw then could flit,
From hundreds, shires, and sheriffs' aids,
From suit and service, quit ;
But under the bough no longer now
Can glance the outlaw's arrow,
For towns are wide on every side,
And good green woods are narrow.

IV.

O Britain, Britain ! merry land !
Thy glories are gone by ;
When mills and vile machines were planned
They then were doomed to die.
Sing hey for Britain's early pride
With heaviness and sorrow,
For towns are wide on every side,
And grassy nooks are narrow.

A RÉVEILLIE.

I.

AWAKE, my love ! awake, my bride !

The summer skies are clear,
The creatures move on every side,
And each will "find a fere."
The bee sips at the butter-cup,
The daisies wake, each one,
And send the lively skylark up
With homage to the sun.

II.

There's love, I ween, there's love between
The dewdrop and the rose,
And honeysuckles, fresh and green,
Are twined with hazel-boughs ;

Two roses, overborne by dew,
Are blending lip to lip;
They smile on me and smile on you
With hearty fellowship.

III.

There sails a sunny cloud above,
Its shadow sweeps the land;
One motion is in both, they move
Like angels, hand in hand.
So let me follow thee, sweet wife!
So cheer my forward way;
Great Nature rules that love is life,
And why should we gainsay?

THE SOLENT SEA.

SOLENT ! how bright and beautiful thou art !
In sunny circulation all the day :
And clear and calm : a lake in ocean's heart.
Sea-gulls are there and porpoises at play ;
And stately frigates eager to depart,
And graceful cutters idling in the bay ;
Fearless as gulls and porpoises are they.
O sunny Solent, beautiful thou art !
And hast a fair associate at thy side :
A graceful isle, with every boon supplied,
With cape and cove and richly wooded height,
Old England's garden called, and Hampshire's pride,
Her vales are green, her steepy shores are white :
No province owns a sweeter satellite.

VIATOR REDUX.

I.

WHEN the white cliffs of Albion arose from the ocean
To welcome the poor jaded wanderer home,
My heart bounded with joy, I exclaimed, with emotion,
Our hearts have a mansion wherever we roam;
Our hearts turn with love to the land of our birth,
And, even in countries where nature's more bright,
We deem it the happiest island on earth,
And the thought of our country is hope and delight.

II.

And so may it be when life's voyage is over,
When my ship is at anchor, my canvas is furled,
May I, who on earth am a desolate rover,
Find solace and rest in a far better world !
O to gaze on the beautiful mansions of heaven
As on the white cliffs of my dear native land !
O to share in the fulness of bliss which is given
To those who on earth have obeyed each command !
That bliss to attain be my constant endeavour
And to dwell with my Maker for ever and ever !

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